THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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SONG.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Had I wealth it should be thine, Love,
Had I fame, around thy brow
Its bright chaplet I would twine, Love,
And to thee the throng should bow.
Had I beauty, adoration
From no other eyes were sweet;
Had I worldly rank and station,
I would lay them at thy feet.

Ah! a simple, lowly maiden,
Neither wealth nor fame is mine;
But a heart with true love laden,
Can I render back for thine.
Nought have I of outward beauty,
Nought of worldly pomp I know,
In the lowly path of duty
It was ever mine to go.

Little dreamed I in the glory
Of thy worldly fame and pride,
Thou wouldst tell to me love's story,
Thou wouldst seek me for thy bride.
Thou dost love me! the world's scorning
For my sake thou'lt freely bear;
Thou dost love me! as at morning
Evening's mists dissolve in air—

So my soul in sorrow shrouded,
From its darkness rises free
Into realms of bliss unclouded;
I am not unworthy thee.
Earthly wealth and power may perish,
Beauty's charm is for a day,
But the love that true hearts cherish,
Cannot change nor pass away.

Round thy lot the flowers of gladness
It shall be my joy to twine,
In thine hour of mirth, or sadness,
Thou shalt know no love like mine.
I will make thy home the altar
Where my heart's best gifts are laid;
Shouldst thou in life's rough paths falter,
There thou'lt turn for strength and aid.

FRANCES A. SHAW.

THE WHITE SLAVE.

A Tale of the Mexican Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "ARTHUR'S BRIDE," "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "CLARA MORELAND," "FORGED WILL," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

Among the servants and retainers of Don Luis, there was one, a kind of Indian half-breed, who had served many years in the capacity of a guide, was familiar with all the routes and localities within a hundred leagues of his present residence, and was fearless, shrewd and intelligent; and the next two hours were spent in fitting him out, and giving him ample instructions, so as to enable him to act advisedly in almost any and every emergency that might arise.

Soon after his departure, I retired to my room, ostensibly to sleep, but in reality to be alone with my thoughts. Don Luis and his family rode down to the *Plaza Mayor*, to witness and give countenance to the general rejoicings over the downfall of the Rebels; and Maitland went to pay a visit to Hardy and Wilcox, who, from the time of their release, had been sojourning at the house of a Mexican widow, some half a mile distant. I threw myself on my bed, and tried to compose my nerves; but my mind was so much on the rack, that I could not even lie still; and after tossing to and fro for some half an hour, I got up, and paced the floor in so agitated a manner, and with such a pressure upon my brain, that I began to grow fearful of some very serious consequences. I had scarcely slept an hour for three nights and days, and there seemed to be a fever in all my veins that was tending to delirium. The cannon were still roaring, and the bells still ringing, and the town was alive with rejoicings of every description; but I knew this universal joy was for the defeat and death of my comrades and friends—for the downfall of the very men in whose honor the same bells had been rung, if not the same cannon fired, but a few weeks before—and this fact, coupled with the belief that she whom I most prized, and now more wildly loved, and for whose happiness I would have given my life, was either in the hands of ferocious bandits or the world of spirits, excited me to the very verge of madness.

As wild thoughts and terrible fears pressed upon my brain, it seemed that the very air of my room grew close and stifling, and impulsively I resolved upon a walk in the open air. Seizing my hat, I rushed down the stairs, and out upon the shaded avenue which ran past the mansion. Here I met numbers of peasants, and citizens of country villages and villas, hurrying into town, to hear the news, take part in the rejoicings, and shout *vivas* in honor of the victor and the success of the Royal arms. I felt that my way did not lie in the direction they were going, and I set my face toward the open country, and hurried on, heedless of their eager inquiries, or the occasional jeers with which some of them greeted a foreigner, an American, and a Rebel.

Unfortunately for the occasion, I was dressed in the uniform of a Patriot officer—the same which had been presented me by General Mina—and this made me a conspicuous object on that eventful day; but I hurried on, caring little for the jibes and jeers of the ignorant boors, so that I might be allowed to pursue my way without personal violence. One low-browed, swarthy fellow did in fact run against me, in a rough, swaggering manner, and evidently with the intention of provoking a quarrel; but on feeling for my pistols, which I now discovered I had in my haste left behind me, he took to his heels, greatly to my relief.

As Don Luis' mansion stood upon the southern suburbs of the town, I soon reached the gates opening upon the great highway to Queretaro. Here I was stopped by the sentry, to whom I presented the pass which had been furnished me by the Commandant. He seemed a little puzzled, and called the officer of the guard, who, after some hesitation, said he had no right to detain me, though he thought the circumstance of my leaving the city at such a time somewhat suspicious. I replied that I was only taking a walk to get beyond the noise and tumult of the town, which was discordant to my feelings.

"Ah! *Santissima Maria!*" he rejoined, with a chuckling laugh; "there is no music in those sweet sounds to the ears of a foreign Rebel! *Vaya!*"

I was about to make an angry retort, but prudently concluded to keep my temper and pocket the insult—which, to say the worst, was not so gross as it might have been.

As I was about to set forward through the gate, I observed a religious procession coming up the road, and I waited for it to pass. The tinkling of a little silver bell, warned the faithful of the approach of the Host; and as it drew near, each one, whether soldier or citizen, knelt upon the ground, with uncovered head, to do it homage.

First came four priests, in their sacerdotal robes, bearing crosses and images of saints; then six mules, drawing a heavy coach, with an Eye painted upon the panels; then several more priests and laymen; and lastly, a motley group of peasants, on their way into the city.

As soon as the procession had passed, I hurried forward down the road, but turned off into the first lane or mule-path I came to, and struck directly into the more solitary part of the country. The path I had taken led down into a wooded valley, with a bright little stream purling over a rocky bed; and the silver murmur of the running waters, the deep, dark, cool shade of the trees, the soft sighing of the breeze, and the sense of feeling that I was alone with the Great Spirit of Nature, were peculiarly grateful and refreshing. The path I was pursuing ran along the valley and the bed of the stream for some half a mile, and then turned up the steep side of a high hill. I followed it to the summit of the eminence, whence I had a beautiful view of the city of San Luis Potosi, with its numerous and splendid churches and dwellings glittering in the rays of the declining sun. I could see the *Plaza Mayor*, or Great Square, and the streets leading to it, thronged with citizens and soldiers; and I could see the flash, the smoke, and hear the roar of the cannon, booming heavily through the lighter and merrier chime of the different bells; but neither sight nor sound was pleasing to me in my excited and gloomy state of mind; and hurrying away, I plunged deeper into the wood, which in one direction stretched back for a couple of miles to the base of a high, rocky ridge.

But whither was I going? and for what purpose? I did not know where my steps would lead me, and I had no purpose in view, except to escape from the din of the city, and find some relief, by vigorous action in the solitudes of nature, from the feverish and maddening whirl of my own brain.

Having abandoned the mule-path, which I discovered to lead down the other side of the hill to a rancho, I pushed on through the tangled wood, thinking no more of my course than that I would return to the city about dark, but letting the burden of my thoughts centre upon poor Benita—hoping, wondering, conjecturing, fearing.

Had she really been captured by the band of Romanillo? and how? and why? Might there not be some mistake? Might the whole not be a fabrication of the messenger, because he had been unable to find Dona Raquel's mansion and did not wish to lose his pay? And if true that some had been captured, might not Benita in some manner have escaped? The story of the messenger was a confused and general one; he had no particulars to give; he knew not how many had been taken, nor who, nor for what purpose, nor whether there had been a bloodless surprise or a bloody resistance; and all this gave grounds for hope, and might have proved a source of temporary relief, had not my own sad heart whispered that all was true.

Yes, I felt it to be true. I had had forebodings of some calamity, even before his return, and these forebodings had been strong enough to drive sleep from my pillow for three miserable nights; and now, hardly recovered from my wounds, and kept up only by intense excitement, I was conducting myself in a manner more wild than rational. But suppose Benita had really been captured—what were the probabilities that she would escape with life, and that I should ever behold her again? What would be the action of the government in respect to my pardon? It had won a great victory—my friends and companions had been crushed out of existence—but would this result tend to mercy or the reverse? It was famed as a cruel and tyrannical government, whose leaders delighted in blood and pillage; and the atrocious slaughter of some of my companions after they had surrendered, and the confinement in dungeons of others, left me more to fear than to hope, even with the noble and influential Don Luis arrayed on my side. And should the order come for my confinement instead of my release, then farewell to poor Benita and all the bright dreams based upon the happiness of freedom and reunion!

Such were a few of my whirling thoughts, with which mingled many a sigh and a groan, as I mechanically moved onward, through the tangled brushwood, toward the base of the ridge before mentioned. The sun had now so far declined as to stretch long shadows to the eastward; but still I pushed on, without once taking into consideration that I had yet to retrace my steps, with only little more than an hour of daylight to show me the way.

At last I reached the base of the ridge, and, in the same mechanical manner that I had found my way thither, I began its ascent. Clambering up over a rocky, uneven, fissured surface, occasionally assisted by a few stunted bushes which had shot up through the crevices from the mould below, I soon gained the summit of the ridge, whence I had a beautiful view of a varied and picturesque landscape, with the city bright and gay in the distance, the Panuco half encircling it with its silver waters, and villages, villas and haciendas nestled here and there among the surrounding hills.

The course I had taken, after quitting the highway, had brought me to a point, where, by reason of a bend, the road ran within two hundred yards; and by descending the side of the hill opposite to my ascent, I saw I could reach it without going back through the woods; and this discovery I made the more gladly, as, on looking at the sun, I perceived it was near the horizon, and not more than half an hour of daylight yet remaining.

And on looking along the highway, which, from my position, was visible for a hundred yards, I made another discovery, no less agreeable than the first. On the opposite side of the road, embowered by beautiful trees—with a strong, high wall enclosing the grounds, and a carriage drive, in the form of a crescent, leading up to it from two separate gateways—I caught glimpses of a villa, which I recognized as El Paraiso, the country seat of a wealthy friend of Don Luis, at which Maitland and myself had once had the honor of dining, as invited guests, in company with our noble host and his family.

My first thought was to make a brief call at El Paraiso, and then hasten back to town; but I reflected that it was too near night for the visit; and the probability was, that the family had driven into the city, to hear the news and take part in the general rejoicings—and so I abandoned the idea.

Feeling not a little fatigued from my walk, and perceiving a tempting seat just below me, with a rock so disposed that I could lean my back against it and sit at ease, I descended to it, sat down, and soon became lost in a most gloomy reverie—so deeply lost, in fact, to all external things, that I entirely forgot where I was—and the sun went down, and the shades of evening began to gather around me, without my taking any notice of the change.

How long I might have continued in that abstracted state, with my mind busy far away, had I not been recalled to my present self by a human voice, it is not for me to say; but some words spoken near me, caused me to start as if a dagger had pierced me; and then a strange, wild thrill passed like lightning through my nerves, my breathing ceased, and my blood felt as if suddenly checked in its natural course and turned back upon my heart.

And yet it was not the words, though in themselves startling, which produced this strange effect, but the voice in which they were spoken—that voice which I had more than once heard before, and under circumstances to make me remember it forever. Yes, there was no mistake—there could be no mistake—I felt it—I knew it—it was the voice of my evil genius, the disturber of my peace and happiness—it was the voice of the man of blood and crime, the author of my present misery—in a word, it was the voice of the outlawed bandit, Romanillo!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE ROBBERS' PLANS.

The speaker was just above me, and, judging by the ease with which I heard him, was less than twenty feet distant. Could he see me? The very idea was appalling—for I felt certain, if discovered, my life would be taken. The sun, as I have said, had set during my reverie; and night, like a pall, was already spreading itself over the face of nature. It was twilight, but the twilight of the middle southern clime, which rapidly plunges into night—something between the far north, where daylight lingers for an hour and paints frescoes on the heavens, and the extreme south, where the setting sun is followed by immediate darkness, like the extinguishing of a torch. Objects could still be seen at a little distance, but were rapidly fading, and every moment was adding to my security.

But could I be seen where I sat, from the stand-point of the speaker? I fairly held my breath—I felt it might be death to stir—and yet I could not resist the temptation to turn my head and know what I had to fear. Slowly, cautiously, I did so, and discovered that the rock at my back projected above my head and completely screened me. This was a great relief; and drawing a long, silent breath, I gave my whole attention to a conversation that had the most vital interest for me, and, as events subsequently proved, an important bearing upon the fate of the being I loved.

"The grounds must be surrounded, so that none can escape to give the alarm; and then, with ten or fifteen men, we can do our work in a very brief time."

These were the words which had so thrilled me; and were spoken, as I felt and knew, by the robber Romanillo; and to these there was a reply in a different voice:

"And you think it advisable to make the attack to-night?"

"What better time, provided the family return! and if not, we can take the specie, and look for some other opportunity to seize the girl."

"Nay, Senor," replied the second speaker, "if we get not the girl with the coin, we need not hope to secure her afterward; for Don Manuel is a man of influence in high quarters, and the robbery of his mansion will make this quarter a very unhealthy place for the gentlemen of the road."

"Don Manuel!" commented I, mentally: "Good heavens! can they mean to attack El Paraiso? The name of the proprietor of that is Don Manuel, and it may be they are here to reconnoitre and perfect their plans! Oh! if I can only be certain of this, and escape in time, perhaps I may be instrumental in thwarting their designs and taking them as in a net! And then if poor Benita and her friends are in their power, I may have the happiness of setting them at liberty. Oh! I shall go mad with hope! And the girl they refer to—it must be the daughter of Don Manuel—the young and pretty Rosa! And what do they want with her? To hold her to ransom? or retain her a prisoner for a still viler purpose? Ah! poor Benita! what of her? Let me listen, and lose not a word! I may possibly discover some clue to those nearer my heart than their present intended victims!"

These thoughts, which have taken me some minutes to record, seemed to flash through my brain in a moment of time. I lost not a word that fell from the lips of either of the speakers, and I soon heard that which made my nerves thrill, my veins tingle, and my heart beat almost audibly.

"You were always a croaker, Senor Basano, and always afraid of your shadow," said the voice of Romanillo, in reply to the other. "Why, man, I have robbed everything—from a noble to a peasant—from a church to a cock-pit—from a convent to a mule-pack—and yet you see me here to-day as hale and hearty a man as your most honorable self, who have confined your levies to what you considered safe quarters; and were both of us to be hung this minute, you would find your rope as strong and the noose as tight as mine. Pshaw! if you are to take consequences into consideration, then, by the Holy Virgin! you had best quit the profession and set up for a cow-herd!"

"But you mistake me, Senor Romanillo!" rejoined Basano: "I am only considering the consequences so far as they will affect our ever getting possession of this girl, if we do it not when we seize the money. Even you, proudly as you may boast, have more than once had to fly from your home like a common thief; and had it not been for Vorgez, myself, and others that might be named, you would have tried the strength of that rope ere this, and been less hale and hearty to-day."

"Ah! *Santa Maria!* I have run before now, it is true; but seldom for anything less than the robbery of a church or a convent—(God forgive me!) and that was sacrilegious, and I felt guilty. The worst freak of mine, was to drink some consecrated wine, thinking it was a private bottle arrangement of some jolly priest; and I once wrung the neck of a padre's game-cock, to keep him from crowing; and for these the pious clergy would never forgive me, though I trust the saints will. It is true that I deserted Tamaulipas for Vera Cruz, and left the former in peace for several years, but only because I found the latter more profitable and agreeable. Getting tired of Vera Cruz, I returned to Tamaulipas; and though I have had one or two narrow escapes since, and performed some bold feats, you see me here now, none the worse for the wear, and just as ready as ever for a new adventure. Ah! *Valgame Dios!* I believe I have a charmed life! for as yet nobody is the richer for the thousand pistoles offered for my head."

"But somebody may be the richer, for all that, if you keep on with your exploits," replied Basano. "We have both escaped so far, it is true; but then I do not think either of us has ever been engaged in quite so serious an operation as the present one may prove."

"Pah! nonsense, man! what are you talking about? Do you forget that I have laid many a noble don under contribution? that with my little band I boldly attacked and nearly captured the specie train of La Mora, even when under the protection of government soldiers? and that more recently I carried off the whole family of a rich widow, including the wife and daughter of La Mora?"

"I know all that very well, Senor; and I also know that you thought it safer to visit my stronghold than retire to your own."

"But I should only have remained with you a few days, if you had not taken such a frenzied fancy to that chit of a girl, Benita, whom, on the impulse of the moment, I promised to you, not thinking the others were so attached to her that they would refuse to pay their ransom unless she could be set free with them. Finding this, and wishing to have the affair amicably and speedily settled, I acknowledged your right to the girl under my promise, by offering you a double ransom for her—but, for a mere whim, you refused."

"No, not for a mere whim, Senor, but because of a grand passion! I love that girl, Romanillo, strange as it may seem to you, and not for any earthly consideration would I part with her. I have seen others as fair and beautiful—but, by San Bernardo! none that ever had such a hold upon my feelings—as I have offered to prove by risking the present venture. You passed your word that that girl should be mine, and I hold you to it, because I feel that my very life is bound up in her. A large amount of money is your present want; and because the friends of this girl have refused to redeem themselves, I have promised to raise it for you and take the whole party off your hands. I know we could, by ill-treatment, compel Dona Raquel and Dona Lucrecia and daughter to ransom themselves for the sum required; but in doing so I should get the ill-will of Benita, and I wish to do everything to gain her affections. By-the-by, Romanillo, I flatter myself the girl rather begins to take to me—eh?"

"As the dove takes to the hawk."

"Ah, *diablo!* you are always so severe."

"It is the truth that cuts, Senor Basano, not my wit. Truth is a very sharp weapon, and has cut to pieces many a false conception of many a better man than yourself."

"Well, jesting aside, and to business. I really hope there will be no necessity for seizing this girl—this daughter of Don Manuel—whether the family return or not; for, the Virgin defend us! we have prisoners enough on our hands, and the ransom might prove dangerous to procure. I know that Don Manuel is rich; and I have certain information, from one of his servants, that he has a large amount stored in a stone vault under ground. This amount, as I hope and pray, may exceed the sum you require; and I only propose taking the girl, in case it should fall short, in order to compel Don Manuel to pay the balance. Let me see! Suppose we let the girl go, whether or no! The more I think of it, the less I feel inclined to proceed to an extremity that will increase the ire of the don and raise the whole community against us. On the whole, Senor, I think we had better leave the girl out of the question; and if Don Manuel's treasury-vault is deficient in the sum, I will make up the balance out of mine."

"As you please, Basano," replied Romanillo; "so I get the sum I want, I care not how it comes, nor from whom. I do no fear the venture, even as we first proposed; but if you do, why, strike the girl from the list."

"It will be better, I think, for I am a little dubious of the scheme in any shape."

"But you shall not back down now, Basano, without yielding me every prisoner, Benita among the rest!" returned Romanillo, sternly.

"I have no thoughts of backing down, Senor," rejoined the other, coldly. "I will leave out the girl and perform all the rest. Now then, with this plan in view, it would be better for us to have the family away, and it may be they will remain in town. Certain it is, there could be no better time for our work than to-night—for two-thirds of the servants have gone to drink *pulque*, and shout *vivas* over this Royalist victory; and the most of these, as well as the citizens and soldiers, will be too drunk before midnight to give us any trouble. With one or two of those remaining at the villa I may have influence; but even if all friendly to me are away, it will be an easy matter to seize, gag, and bind the cowardly knaves, and one hour's time will suffice for the rest of the work. By surrounding the grounds, as you suggest, we shall be secure; and therefore I sacredly enjoin upon you the prudence of shedding no blood! for blood, besides being a stain upon our honor, always awakens a fierce desire for revenge."

"I will take care that my own men shall be prudent and commit no excesses," replied Romanillo.

"Do you think it advisable to set a watch upon the road before midnight, to see who enters the villa?" inquired Basano.

"I see no necessity for it," answered the other. "With our forces united, we are sufficiently strong for our purpose, even should Don Manuel and his household return in a sober condition, and midnight will be soon enough to be-

gin our work. A watch, if discovered, always excites suspicion, and leads to preparation; and my experience has taught me that a sudden and overpowering onset is always the best. Come, it is now dark, and we will take a quiet turn around the grounds ourselves, and then go back to our men."

As this was said, the two bandit chiefs began to descend the hill, and passed me almost within reach of my arm. I held my breath, but felt every nerve quiver with excitement till the darkness had swallowed them up below. Then I cautiously arose, and prepared for my part in the drama; but I was still so nervous, at the thought that on my action and success must now depend the life and liberty of her I loved, that for several minutes I feared my strength might fail me, if not my reason also. Gradually I grew calmer; and bracing my whole system with a resolute will, I sprang up the hill, plunged fiercely into the wood, and, gaining the highway, at a distance of some half a mile from where I had overheard the plans of the robbers, I ran swiftly back to the town.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCT'R. 6, 1866.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

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GIFT LOTTERIES, &C.

We publish in THE POST no Gift Lottery Advertisements—that shows our opinion of them and their promises. They are no better, and we suppose not much worse than the old money lotteries. If you invest in them, you will probably find the truth of the old maxim, "A fool and his money are soon parted." That many however do nowadays invest in them, we judge by the perfect deluge of advertisements we see in the papers—even in respectable papers.

We do not think it worth our while to be always harping on this subject. Our readers, as we have said, know our opinion—and that opinion applies to the whole brood, no matter what respectable names may be connected with them. We confess our surprise to seeing some of these names. We suppose that in some cases they are used without authority. But the whole business is not only illegal, but injurious to sound business enterprises, and calculated to injure every one who buys a ticket, and especially the few who happen to draw prizes. "Draw a prize in a lottery, and be ruined," is a lesson that the history of gambling is perpetually teaching. While the injury done to the community, by turning away the attention of the young from honest industry and its reward, to the glittering but delusive prizes of the various forms of gambling, can scarcely be calculated. We wash our hands of the whole wretched business.

SHAMEFUL.

A one-legged soldier recently testified before Recorder Eaus in this city, that he was paid $1.50 a day by an Italian for playing on the latter's hand organ—that the latter watched him every hour of the day and evening, to see if he pocketed any of the money thrown into the box; that he some times made as high as ten dollars per day, which he was forced by contract to hand over to the greedy Italian. That nearly all of the organs which the crippled soldiers played upon along Chestnut and Eighth streets were the property of Italians, who in all cases keep the benefits arising from them. Thousands of our citizens have contributed small sums to these fellows, under the impression that they were aiding a brave Union soldier, who had sacrificed a limb in defence of his country. It would be well hereafter for all persons, before dropping their spare change into the boxes of these itinerant musicians, to see that they are not impostors.

UNIVERSAL PEACE SOCIETY.—We are requested to announce that a meeting of this Society will be held in the Hall of the Franklin Institute, Seventh above Chestnut, on the 10th of October next. The call reads:—

"To all friends of pure and thorough Peace Principles, and of those necessary conditions which make for peace; and to all persons, irrespective of theological or political belief, who reverently acknowledge our obligations to God and man, and who earnestly desire something better for the government of the world and the settlement of difficulties than the war-power and the spirit of hate and oppression which make for war, a cordial invitation is extended to be present and co-operate in promoting the sacred cause. Earnest friends from various parts of the country are expected to address the meetings. ALFRED H. LOVE, President."

At 11 o'clock, on the morning of the 10th of October, the friends of the cause in Pennsylvania will meet in the above mentioned hall, to organize the Pennsylvania Branch of the Universal Peace Society.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ADDRESS OF THE UNIVERSAL PEACE SOCIETY, ADDRESS OF ALFRED H. LOVE BEFORE THE UNIVERSAL PEACE SOCIETY. We think it very well to have such societies as the above, and such addresses as the above, in order that the beauty of Peace may be duly and continually impressed upon society and government. Mr. Love's address is both eloquent and convincing—that is, convincing as to his own sincerity and earnestness, and to the general duty of forbearance under provocation. As to the idea, however, that a resort to the sword is always wrong, when the Universal Peace Society convinces the world of that, the lion will be seen lying down with the lamb, and the wolf with the kid.

APPLETON'S HAND-BOOK OF AMERICAN TRAVEL. The Southern Tour. Being a Guide through the Southern States, with Descriptive Sketches of Cities, Towns, objects of interest, &c. By EDWARD H. HALL. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Ashmead & Evans, Philada.

A PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC. By G. P. QUACKENBOS, A. M., author of "A Primary Arithmetic," &c. Upon the basis of the works of G. R. Perkins, L.L. D. Published by D. Appleton & Co.; and also for sale by Ashmead & Evans, Philada.

THE FIRST OF THE KNICKERBOCKERS. By P. HAMILTON MYERS, Esq., author of the "Prisoner of the Border," "Chest of Gold," &c. This is the first of the Sunny-Side Series—and, according to the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser:—"Decidedly the cleverest and most successful of the attempts that have been made to work up, for the purposes of romantic fiction, the rich store of material supplied by the earlier history of New York." Published by Chapman & Co., New York.

THE METRIC SYSTEM. A Compilation consisting of Extracts from the Report of the Committee of the House of Representatives, &c., and a Translation of a Portion of a Work entitled, "The Legal System of Weights and Measures," published in France for the Use of Schools. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS COURT. An Historical Romance. By L. MUHLBACH, author of "Joseph II. and his Court" Translated from the German by Mrs. CHAPMAN COLEMAN and her daughters. Published by D. Appleton & Co. New York; and also for sale by Ashmead & Evans, Philada.

MARRIED AT LAST. A Love Story. By ANNIE THOMAS, author of "Philip Morton," "The House in Piccadilly," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

SEVEN TIMES MARRIED.—A curious suit, known as the Slade barouche case, is soon to be tried in England. Lady Slade, at the time of her marriage with the late Sir Frederick Slade, Q. C., supposed herself to be a widow, her former husband having deserted her, and a report was circulated that he was dead. After the birth of Sir Frederick's first son the first husband was heard of, but there was no absolute certainty whether he was alive or dead. Accordingly, before the second child was born, in order that there might be no doubt about his legitimacy, the parents were married again. The same ceremony was repeated before the birth of each child in succession, and as there are seven of them, each claims the title and estates. Witnesses are summoned from various parts of the world.

WOMEN.—An anonymous German writer has recently prepared an article on "the crimes of women," which shows by irrefragable evidence that they are in a glorious minority among the criminals of Europe. France, he shows, exhibits a proportion of seventeen per cent. of a serious kind committed by women to eighty-three per cent. of similar offences by men. Statistics, stretching from 1835 to 1865, changed nothing in this proportion. In Baden (and in all parts of Germany bordering on France it is about the same), the number of prisoners is one in 9,163 men, and one in 46,692 women.

EFFECTS OF DIAMONDS ON THE HAIR.—Our friend Snooks, who generally observes whatever he notices, says that his meditations in church are often destroyed by the consideration of this philosophic mystery: Why does the possession of a diamond ring affect a lady's waterfall? He says that a lady in church with a brilliant ring is terribly bothered with her hair, and it generally takes a good part of her time to render it fit to be seen by the people behind. Snooks don't understand the connection, and he wonders if he was the first to discover it.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—Here is an item of interest to the New York society. A dispute as to whether it is cruel to carry live geese by their necks, was lately decided in the Liverpool Borough Police Court. Mr. Brydon, veterinary surgeon, gave it as his opinion, that to carry geese by their necks, was to inflict a great torture; but a number of poulterers gave opposite opinions, saying, that when a goose is properly carried by the back of the neck, the gullet is not compressed. The defendant in the case got the benefit of the latter opinion.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY COSMO.

LEAVING THE MOUNTAIN—A POPULAR ERROR—GOING EAST—A GLANCE AT BOLIVIA—PERUVIAN BARK—COSTLY COFFEE—POSADAS—AN INTERIOR VIEW—UNDER THE ROCKS.

A month would not have wearied us of all the million beauties that lay spread out before us from the summit of Altacama. But there was all of Bolivia and Peru yet between us and the termination of our tramp, and too many other lions lay in our way to permit us to linger over any one individual, though that one presented as many admiration points as our own volcanic elevation.

So with two days and three nights given to seeing the world from the summit of Altacama we began our descent. Overruling by an absolute *No* the almost irresistible injunction laid upon us by our Bon Vista friends to return to the estancia and live three months with them, we bade them a serious and ceremonious *adios* at the way station where we had left our horses on our way up the mountain, and while they went down to the westward homeward bound, we went round diagonally downward and to the eastward, having on our programme of travel as the next lions Chuquisaca, the Bolivian capital, the world-famous silver mines of Potosi, and nearer than these the Andean valleys lying between us and the Sierra de Potosi, perhaps the richest in natural resources, and the most magnificent in scenery of any in the world.

Just here, the subject being in mind, it seems entirely appropriate to express a wonder at an almost universal mistake people make with regard to the geographical position and boundaries of Bolivia. I believe nine-tenths of all who read, write, speak, or think of the country, among them very many otherwise correct geographical scholars, locate Bolivia, in thought, almost entirely on the western slope of the Andes, making it a purely Pacific republic set up partly on edge and running down a steep hillside from the mountains to the sea. Even our intelligent ship-masters, who have sailed much along the coast, and gone many times into and out of Cobija, though they know that Bolivia has a sea coast of less than three hundred miles cut through nearly in the centre by the tropic of Capricorn, nevertheless without real cause or reason, imagine that the country stretches out a long way a little way inland, and lies entirely on the western side of the Andes.

Only a small slice of the republic lies on the Pacific slope, jutting down to the sea between the parallels of twenty-two and twenty-six south, shut in north of twenty-two to the parallel of eighteen by a narrow tongue of Peruvian territory, and from the latter parallel trending northeastwardly, following for a boundary the course of the Puros, one of the largest upper tributaries of the Amazon to the latitude of ten south, whence the line runs due east less than a hundred and fifty miles to the Madeira, thence southeast to the Paraguay river, south, westwardly along the course of that stream to the northern boundary of the Provinces of the Rio de la Plata, from whence an irregular waved line running nearly west to the Pacific, marks the division between the two countries.

More than nine-tenths of the whole territory of Bolivia is an immense undulating plain, sloping gently down towards Brazil from the eastern base of the Andes, beautiful beyond description in scenery, productive beyond conception in all things, animal, vegetable, and mineral, that go to make up a nation's wealth; magnificently watered in all the region east of the Andes by the Madeira and its many branches, three of which are navigable to the very heart of the country, affording water communication to the Atlantic by way of the Amazon; while in the south is the noble Pilcomayo, three of its principle branches heading in the Andes—two of them at a moderate outlay susceptible of such improvement that steamers might ply from a point within forty miles of Potosi and thirty of Chuquisaca, via Pilcomago and the Parana.

Thus located, thus blessed with all the elements of wealth, having a vast region of soil unrivalled for productiveness, a climate as delightful and salubrious as any other on earth, Bolivia peopled with a race having the energy and enterprise of the people of the United States, would long ere this time have been one of the most opulent nations in the world. As it is, Bolivia, with all her advantages and resources, is to-day an insolvent debtor, a bankrupt pauper, poor and miserably wretched; very sick indeed—almost voiceless among the South American states, her unmined wealth mortgaged to foreigners, her vast silver supplies pawned to Buenos Ayres, and her government subjected to the humiliating dictation of any neighboring power inclined to be belligerently arbitrary.

Poor, rich, beautiful Bolivia; walled in from the world on the west by the everlasting Andes, with only a rugged pass and mule path to the Pacific, half hemmed in by Peru and commercially cut off from the world at her pleasure, on the north-east walled out from intercourse with Brazil by the precipitous Geral Range, her water communications unimproved and unused, Bolivia, with all the elements of an earthly paradise, is positively a pretty poor place. Yet with all her misfortunes, physically and politically, Bolivia is one of the most singularly interesting countries upon the face of the whole earth. A few of the most interesting features encountered in our marching and counter-climbing through the republic and over the Andes, I shall endeavor to present briefly in a manner to interest, perhaps instruct. Let us begin with the Chincos, or Peruvian bark.

Though considerable of the material was grown on, gathered and carried to market from the domain of Don Guilherme Oviedo, we did not happen to come in contact with, or in sight of any of the trees there, and first saw it growing in our descent from the volcano, on the south-eastern side of the mountain. Senor Valerian, our Bolivian *companero*, himself a veteran Chincos hunter, first pointed out the bark-bearing trees, and explained to us its peculiar habits and the manner of collecting the bark.

There are five varieties of the tree known in Peru and Bolivia, and although all closely resembling each other in habit and appearance, two of them are utterly worthless, one indifferent, one about half good, and one only that affords the genuine material. It requires an experienced expert to distinguish between the genuine and spurious article, and as these experts are no more honest as a rule than other people, a great deal of the Chincos bark comes to us very liberally adulterated.

The tree never attains a large growth, seldom exceeding our peach trees in girth, though always growing considerably taller, more symmetrical in structure, the leaf very like that of the peach tree in shape, but a third less, and in all stages of growth tinted a brownish purple. The outer bark structure most resembles the smooth barked butternut of North America, only the color is a light brown, spotted irregularly with silvery blotches. In habit the tree is gregarious, growing always in groves, excluding all other timber from the ground where it grows. Almost always these chincos groves are found on steep hill or mountain sides, the number of trees ranging from fifty to a thousand, though very rarely more than a third of the latter number are found in a single grove. Sometimes a dozen or perhaps twenty of these Chincos colonies will be found within the compass of three or four miles; and then one may traverse many leagues without discovering a single tree.

The peculiar color of the leaves indicates the position of a grove, and a veteran bark hunter will not only mark the locality of a Chincos colony, but readily distinguish between the valuable and worthless varieties far beyond the distance at which any individual tree can be distinguished. This they call hunting by the *stain*. The pilot of the bark hunters marks a "stain," from an elevated position, high up the steep side of an opposite mountain, across an intervening wooded valley, five leagues away it may be, and leads his company confidently by compass through the forest unerringly to the grove.

The bark hunters go out on a tour of three months' campaign, always accompanied by mules, provided with great raw hide panniers, carrying out provisions and freighting home Peruvian bark. The trees are first *rossed* with a knife made for the purpose, then the inner bark is removed from the tree, dried on the spot and packed loosely in the hide baskets, and when a dozen or so of the mules have their cargoes completed, they are despatched to head-quarters, while other animals are sent out to succeed them. At the *barraca* or estancia the bark is closely packed in raw hide *cerons*, holding two *arrobas* of thirty-two pounds, and in these hide packages it is transported to some sea-port and thence exported.

Coming down into the cultivated valleys to the eastward of Mount Altacama, we first saw in growth and under cultivation coffee of a peculiar variety and probably the finest flavored of any in the world. The plant is a beautiful dwarf shrub, scarcely larger than our garden gooseberry bushes, though totally unlike them in habits of growth, maintaining in its general structure nearly all the features of the coffee shrub in other parts of the world. The fruit is a dark reddish purple, deliciously sweet when ripe, the kernel or seed, which as in all other varieties is the coffee of commerce, is quite as small as the Arabian berry, very bright green when fresh, growing darker by age and exposure to the atmosphere, and either in its raw state or roasted has a more delightful fragrance than any other coffee I have ever seen.

This very superior coffee is but sparingly grown, less so in Bolivia than in Peru, which seems altogether a marvel, considering that the soil and proper cultivation will probably produce it in abundance, and in 1855 I saw it selling in Callao and Guayaquil for fifty-six cents per pound, when the best Rio was worth but eleven. It is only in rare instances that the precious material is exported. A little goes to France, and now and then an *arroba* to the United States, but none I believe for sale. It would scarcely pay to import such coffee into the United States, where we have in the market some twenty cheap compounds, by courtesy called coffee, and very nearly one half of all our coffee drinkers swill the liquid abomination, actually declaring that they prefer it to the best Java. Probably nine-tenths of the innocents never tasted a drop of genuine Java in all their living.

Throughout all this lovely hill and valley region lying between Mount Altacama and the Sierra de Potosi, towns are far between, inhabitants of European descent still more rare, the sparse population being almost entirely made up of half-breeds or native savages, living in utter idleness and abject wretchedness, dwelling in miserable huts no whit better than a Hottentot's kraal, improving nothing of the rich soil beyond the producing of a few yams and occasionally a patch of lily planted, wholly uncultivated corn. It was only at the wayside *posadas* and more pretentious villages, ten leagues asunder, that we found men and women of unmixed blood. An item or two, three or four perhaps, concerning these Bolivian and Peruvian posadas.

Originally in Spain the word *posada* implied two things. First, a post house, public station, where mail carriers, couriers and carriages, either public or private, stopped to distribute letters, leave parcels and obtain relays of fresh animals. Secondly, an inn, where the traveller could obtain shelter, food and comfortable quarters. In South America, and especially in the interior of Peru and Bolivia, *posada* is prostituted to such base purposes that it implies anything, everything under heaven you can think of, and five score things you cannot. Besides, if one expects to find forage for himself and beasts, or anything in the least resembling the comforts of civilized life, he must have Hope fifty times more prominent than ever phrenologist found it in human cranium. A brief interior view of the first Bolivian *posada* at which we sought shelter after leaving Altacama, will best illustrate the kind of comfort to be met with in these public wayside kennels. There are exceptions, but so rare that they are not worth taking into account.

We had bivouacked two nights pleasantly enough; but the afternoon of the third day came in with a chilly atmosphere and cold, drizzling rain, and so, being wet and weary, as it was falling dark we came to a posada of somewhat pretentious exterior, situated at the head of a narrow valley, within five hundred yards of a discouraging defile forming a pass through the next range of sierra beyond. We argued among ourselves:—"There will be few travellers here. We will take shelter in the posada. It is better than a camp out in the rain." And we went in, finding this:

One apartment, with walls of mud; no ceiling, no floor, no fireplace or chimney, a great fire blazing in the centre, and walls and roof so blackened with smoke that no charcoal pit was ever dingier. Not a window to admit light or air, and up against the wall, opposite the entrance, were slung in piles and tiers, sixteen rude grass hammocks—not for the accommodation of travellers—O, no—don't begin to guess or hope in that direction. We know better. The hammocks were for the use of the proprietor of the posada and his family, seventeen in all—sons, daughters, sons and daughters-in-law, numbering in the total one more than there were hammocks; but that one extra being a baby, had lodgings with its mother, so that the others all had a hammock apiece, and travellers had, if they chose, the earthen floor, three inches deep with mud and filth, littered like a foul pig-stye.

There were seventeen souls belonging to and inhabiting the single room not more than thirty feet square; besides, we found thirteen guests in ahead of us, all having their mules in with them, and twice as many dogs. Our party, numbering more than twenty, crowded the dingy, black hole; nearly twenty more coming in within two hours, literally packed it; and what with broiling, frying and frizzling of *charque* at the fire, roaring and whooping of half a dozen drunken muleteros, the chattering of women, squalling of babies, braying of mules, yelping of curs and splashing of filth, we found the comforts of the posada an intolerable curse, and retreating, we gathered our animals from the outside shelters, mounted, and going a mile up into the gorge we found an overhanging cliff affording shelter, under which we built fires and bivouacked, drying our wet wardrobes, cooking our suppers, and making for ourselves a much more comfortable out-door posada than the one we had abandoned.

"Nothing to Wear."

We mentioned a few days since that a professional gentleman in New York, who, it is said, "advertises largely," has brought a suit against an insurance company for the insurance on his daughter's wardrobe, lately destroyed by fire. The company, it is said, were astounded by the magnitude of the items presented in the claim, and refused to settle. Hence the action in court, which brought out a list of the young lady's wardrobe, as drawn up under her own supervision.

The descriptive list occupies a column and a half in the New York Herald, and embraces nearly five hundred articles. Among them is enumerated a satin dress, appraised at $2,500, and another at $1,500, the whole wardrobe being valued at $21,000. The Herald says:

It is very easy to say that a wardrobe like that enumerated in this schedule is extravagant; but the fact is that the list scarcely gives a full idea of the extravagance of American toilettes. Twenty-one thousand dollars is an immense sum to have invested in clothing; but it must be remembered that the original cost of these articles was much more than $21,000. Many of the dresses, shawls, bonnets, and other portions of the young lady's costume had been more or less worn, and the prices affixed only represent their values at the time they were burned, which is all that the loser has the right to recover. For example, "nine pairs of boots and shoes" would be very cheap at $45; a "dust wrapper from Cashmere," could hardly be purchased for $18; "four magnificent opera cloaks" are valued at $175, when one of them would have cost that sum if new; cloth cloaks at $8, $10, and $12 must have been much used to be worth only that amount of money. No fashionable milliner could sell "four bonnets, some exceedingly elegant," for $100, but would charge as much for one elegant bonnet. It is evident, then, that to get at the real cost of the wardrobe of a young lady of fashion in this metropolis we must add several thousand dollars to the amount claimed. The articles when first purchased must have cost $30,000 at least.

We learn from this schedule that to make a figure in the fashionable world a young lady requires twenty-six robes of silk and satin, two of velvet, twenty-four dresses of poplin, cashmere, grenadine, and Swiss and India muslin, with underskirts and bodies of silk; nine jackets to wear over these dresses in the house; seventeen cloaks, mantillas, and capes for outdoor wear; fifteen muslin skirts, besides the underskirts already enumerated; twenty-one sets of flounces and capes of lace, of all qualities, from Honiton to Maltese; and, in addition to all these, a quantity of worn dresses, cloaks, and jackets too numerous to mention. We must take into consideration, moreover, the fact that the lady was probably not deprived of all her clothing by the fire. The schedule shows what she lost; but we have no means of ascertaining what she saved. Yet it is only by getting at this unknown quantity that we shall be able to realize the full extent of the young lady's requirements. At present we really feel that the list we publish does her some injustice. Twenty-six silk robes and twenty-four other dresses would not satisfy any but the most reasonable and economical Flora McFlimsey. There are houses in the Fifth avenue that could reveal much more extensive wardrobes. The jewels and jewelry, too, which cost more heavily than dresses, as many a husband and father knows, are not set down in this list, which must consequently be pronounced inadequate. Still it will serve to convey to the unlimitated and to posterity some conception of the expenses of American fashionable life.

☞ LAVENDER A PROTECTION FOR BOOKS.—It is stated that lavender will prevent mould on books, ink, leather, and similar articles, and that a few drops of it placed in a book-case will protect all the contents.

☞ A stock raiser in Western Texas has his brand on thirty thousand head of cattle. Sections of Texas are overrun with cattle belonging to any one who can catch and brand them.

☞ It is related of Lord Cockburn, that he was once sitting on the hillside with his shepherd, when, observing the sheep reposing in the coldest situation, he remarked, "John, if I were a sheep, I would lie on the other side of the hill." The shepherd answered, "Ah, my lord, but if ye had been a sheep ye would hae mair sense."

☞ FINE WRITING.—The New York Daily News says of the New York Times that it has "gone back like the canine quadruped to the rejected contents of his stomach, or the porcine female to her bath in fluid impurity."

☞ Pierce Butler, Esq., of this city, is personally testing the difference between slave and free labor on his rice plantations in Georgia. Of more than three hundred colored persons, once his slaves, all but a few have returned and accepted the wages he has offered them. The contract between Mr. Butler and the freed people, made with their consent and the approval of the Freedmen's Bureau, has been formally consummated to the satisfaction of all concerned. Mr. Butler's friends anticipate that next year his crop will be larger and more remunerative than in any former season.

☞ TO PRESERVE THE FLOWERS OF A BOUQUET.—Let a spoonful of charcoal powder be added to the water, and the flowers will last as long as they would on the plant, without any need of changing the water, or taking any trouble at all.

POOR CHRISTINE.

BY GEORGIANA M. CRAIK.

"I remember it fifty years ago, Fred," an old man said to his boy companion, as they both stood looking up through the June sunshine at the great front of the Cathedral of Rouen. "Yes, fifty years ago I stood before it as we are standing now, and I think the very same birds were building their nests then up over the porch there. Look how they fly in and out! How many generations of them have lived there, do you think, my boy?"

They stood in the open square, with their backs to the *cafés* and the gay shops, the sunlight falling tenderly on the great gray sculptured walls before them, lighting up shaft, and capital, and niche with all their "kingly crowning," with all their wondrous workmanship of living form and clustered pinnacle.

"Fifty years ago," he said again, softly. "Poor Christine!"

Fifty years ago Frank Liston had spent a summer holiday in Rouen; he was about nineteen then, a high-minded, enthusiastic youth. His father was dead, and he was educating himself to be an artist, and was looking forward with all the eagerness of a generous nature to the time when he should be able to remove his mother, who was poor now, above all want. Young as he was, he had worked so hard already, that he had more than once earned something for her, and with a flushing cheek had poured his golden guineas into her lap; and she, by hard pinching, had saved some of these guineas, and this summer, because in striving after such early wages he had begun to outrun his strength, she made him take a few of them again, and sent him across the Channel to visit (what in his heart she knew he longed to see) some one or two of the old picturesque French towns.

It was bright June weather when he reached the first of them at which he meant to halt, Rouen, and saw from far away the dark old city, towards which for years his artist's heart had tended, stretched out amidst the windings of the Seine. He had been laughed at by one or two before he started on his journey, and had been told that this old Rouen was nothing but a miserable town of grimy, tottering houses and blackened churches, but the youth had gayly returned laugh for laugh. He knew well what he had crossed the sea to seek, and he knew that he should not fail to find it. Nor did he. He found it, even in the midst of those decaying houses and mouldering churches, he found it in narrow streets and in neglected corners; and wheresoever he discovered it, whether in open square or hidden alley, he hailed it as men hail the sight of long-sought, long-unseen friends' faces. He had brought his sketching-board and all his materials for drawing with him, and, holiday though it was, he meant to work throughout it; but the novelty and the loveliness of everything about him distracted him so at first, that a few days had passed before he could do anything but roam and gaze around him. He had been for three days in Rouen before at length he took his post one morning before the west front of the cathedral and began to draw. It was a mild, warm summer's day, and the square was very quiet. Only a few people passing in and out of the church, and occasionally a child or two, attracted by curiosity to steal near and stare at him, disturbed him as he worked, and hour after hour passed happily over him. During hour after hour, too, there was one person besides himself who, having come to the square before him, remained till long after he had gone away,—a girl selling rosaries and little images at the cathedral door. After he had been working for some time he noticed her. When his work was over, and he came forward before he turned homewards to enter for a few minutes into the church, he stopped when he came to where she sat in the cool shadow by the porch, and looking into her basket took up in his hand a little rosary of coral beads.

"How much?" he asked.

"A franc, monsieur," she said.

She smiled and thanked him as he gave the money to her, and he took his beads and passed on. He thought for a moment, "What a pleasant smile she has!" and then he thought no more of her till the next morning, when he came back to resume his work, and found her in her place again.

That day he took note of how picturesque the quaint old Normandy dress looked on her, the great, high cap so scrupulously starched and white, the short petticoat so bright in hue. A trim, neat figure too, rounded, and light, and firm; a young, bright face, not beautiful, but pleasant as sunlight to look upon. He should like to make a sketch some morning of her, he thought, and that day when his work was done he went up to where she sat, and entered into talk with her. He had a frank, fearless, boyish habit of talking to every kind of person who came across him, man or woman, gentle or simple. For years already, ever since he had thought of becoming a painter, he had been accustomed to roam about the country, attaching himself sometimes in all simple faith to strange enough companions, falling into odd adventures, running occasionally some risks, and yet always, by some good guidance or instinct, escaping scatheless from all; bringing his fresh, honest, trusting nature, that, thinking no harm itself, suspected no harm in others, undimmed and unsaddened out of every trial. He went up to the girl and asked—

"Do you come here with your basket every day?"

They had already exchanged a little nod of recognition.

"Yes, monsieur, every day," she answered.

"Well—and don't you get very tired of it?" he said.

"Tired of it!" she repeated, with a smile that showed two rows of even, snowy teeth. "Oh, no, monsieur; I know everybody who passes here, and I amuse myself with watching for them. There are hundreds who come every day, winter and summer, as regular as the clock there. Then I see all the strangers," she exclaimed, in a tone of gentle exultation; "there is not a creature ever comes to Rouen, they say, but he comes here."

"Well, if you look out for strangers you will soon see plenty of *me*," Frank said, good-humoredly; "for I shall be here every day, I dare say, for the next two or three weeks."

"I saw monsieur the first day he came," she answered, with a smile; "he came and stood looking up there," pointing with her finger to the church-front, "till I thought he was counting all the figures on it."

He gave a laugh, and then colored a little; young as he was, he blushed for a moment at the thought that when he did not know it a woman had been watching him.

"Well, I was not counting the figures exactly," he said; "but do you know what I have been doing these last two days? I have been drawing the church,—making a picture of it. I am a painter," he said, with youthful dignity.

"Ah! so?" And the bright brown eyes looked up into his face, not awe-struck, but a little curious and wondering.

"I will show you my picture presently, when I have got on a little further with it, and then you shall tell me if you think I have made it like. Now when you sit here all day, hour after hour," he said, inquiringly, "do you ever think much about the church?"

"Monsieur?" she said, and the brown eyes opened wider.

"I mean, do you look at it much and try to find out what the figures on it mean? Do you ever think about the people who built it?"

She looked at him with a half-pitying smile, and said,—

"Monsieur, the church is very old; they are all dead."

"All dead! I should think they were," he answered, quickly. "But what is to prevent you from thinking of them, though they are dead? You know they were alive once. Now one of them must have cut these little twisted shafts here once; have you never wondered who he was, or what became of him?"

She shook her head placidly.

"What would be the use? I could not find out," she said.

"No, you could not find out; but you might try to fancy them all at work here, might you not? and how they came, just as you come, day after day, all these hundreds of years ago, and set up stone after stone, and carved figure after figure. Think how they must have watched their work and grown happy at the sight of it. Just think of them all here, with their hammers striking the stone, and the noise of every blow in the air, all of them talking in a language that would be almost like a strange tongue to us now. You know it all was so; why can't you think of it?"

"I may be easy for monsieur to think of the dead," she answered, simply, "but for me I do not find it easy, unless it may be of the blessed saints," and she crossed herself; "but then we know that they lived; while as for those others—" she said, and, slightly shrugging her shoulders, broke off her sentence with a dubious smile.

He had nearly burst into an answer about the saints that was more impetuous than reverent; but happily he checked himself in time, and instead of speaking stood looking for a minute in silence up over the great, dark, glorious church-front, and wondering at what she had said. Out from the gray, solemn tones there seemed a thousand voices that spoke to *him*: how could it be, he thought, that this girl had passed her life under the shelter of its shadow, and yet that to *her* every stone of it was dumb.

"Then you don't care for it?" he said, abruptly, at last, turning to her again.

"Nay, monsieur is mistaken," she answered, gently. "See, it is like home to me here; when it is hot summer, I sit here in the cool shade; when winter comes, I shelter myself there within the porch. It is like a good friend to me; other things change, but it never changes. When I am glad I go in and kneel down and thank the blessed Virgin, and when I am sad I go there too, and say my prayers. No, monsieur is wrong; I care for it."

She raised her face with a sudden smile as she paused, and, eager to believe that all the world cared for what he loved, eager for a universal sympathy with his own enthusiasm, he looked with pleased contentment into the girl's clear, honest eyes, and,—

"Well, I am glad you like it," he said, heartily. "I thought you could not have lived here so many years, and have cared nothing for it. You have lived in Rouen all your life, do you say? how long a time is that?"

"I am twenty," she said.

"Are you? Why you are older than I am, then! And what is your name?"

"Christine, monsieur," she answered.

Some one passing into the church had stopped beside her basket, and was beginning to look over its little stock of images and beads. She had to turn round to attend to him, and then before his purchase was made another customer came. Frank lingered and looked on for a few minutes; then he said, "Good-bye," and the boy and girl smiled to one another, and parted with a friendly nod.

He went home, and there was something pleasant to him in the thought which crossed him once or twice during the remainder of the day, that in the morning he should see Christine again. Several times her face rose brightly up before him, with its contented, honest smile, and sent a kind of warmth into his heart; for, fair and dear to him as was this old Rouen, yet he moved as a stranger in it, and no other lips than those of hers had given either greeting or kindly word to him. And so, when he went to his post again the next day, and she, who had been watching for him, at once when he appeared nodded and smiled to him across the square, instead of stationing himself in his accustomed place and beginning his work, as he had meant to do, he walked straight to her in a sudden impulse of gratitude for her cheery little token of welcome, and, like a thorough Englishman, put out his hand to her.

"You are the only creature that I know in Rouen!" he exclaimed, "except my landlady, and she is quite old. As I came along just now, I was wondering whether you would be here before me."

"Ah, monsieur," she said, laughing, "I have been here for hours. Look there, it is ten o'clock. Do you think I begin my day so late as at ten o'clock?"

"Is it really ten? Then I must be quick and begin my work, too. By-the-way, I wonder—Oh, may I call you Christine?" he asked, abruptly.

"Certainly, monsieur; it is my name."

"Thank you. Well, I was going to say, I wonder, Christine, if you would let me make a sketch of you?"

"Of *me*?" and the girl blushed with sudden half-shy pleasure.

"I think I could do it, if you wouldn't mind sitting to me. I don't catch likenesses always very well, but I think I should succeed with yours. May I try?"

"But monsieur could find so many prettier girls—"

"Oh, I don't want prettier girls; I would rather have you," he interrupted her bluntly. "You will let me do it, then, won't you? When may I begin? If I were to come early to-morrow—say at eight o'clock—would you be here then? Would that suit you?"

"Any hour that suited monsieur."

"Very well, then; eight o'clock to-morrow morning. And now I must go to my picture." He turned half way, and then looked suddenly back. "Have you a father and mother, Christine?" he said.

"No father, monsieur, but I have a good mother. She makes up all my rosaries for me. I buy the beads and take them to her, and she strings them—so. She makes these crosses, too. She is very feeble, but she does all that for me."

"And then you come and sell them, Christine?" he said, quickly. "Do you know, I have a mother, too, and I work for her. We are not very rich, and I make drawings and sell them."

"God bless you, then, monsieur," she answered, fervently; "you will never be sorry for doing that."

He was touched by her genuine tone of sympathy.

"No, I know I shall not. I would rather help her than do anything else in the world," he said, and the color rose up to his cheek.

She smiled, looking in his face as he spoke. After a moment's silence she said, simply and earnestly,—

"It is sometimes hard to me to earn a living, harder than I hope it will ever be to you, monsieur; but I would rather be just a poor girl as I am, and have my mother with me, than be the greatest lady in Rouen without her." And then she glanced up with a sunny look that cleared away the tears which had risen for a moment to her eyes, and—"But even me—the world does not treat me very badly," she said, cheerfully. "It is only a little hard to me now and then, and when it is, I go in there and pray to the dear Virgin, and before long the sunshine comes back again. It never stays long away. There are many good people in the world, monsieur, to keep the poor from starving."

She had a sweet voice, lower and softer than Frenchwomen's voices often are. The face, too, had sweetness in it. He saw that now, though he had only noticed its bright, pleasant honesty before.

"But I am keeping you from your picture," she said smiling, after a moment's silence.

That was true; so with a few more words he turned away, and stationing himself in his place began to work. It was a calm gray summer day, windless and sunless, yet with a softened brightness in it that shone through the thin clouds. He sat and worked, and, as his sketch went on and bit by bit he seized and made a possession for himself of the loveliness before him, in the very joy and boyish lightness of his heart he could have sung aloud. He had worked so well yet upon no other day; he had been so happy upon no other; all life seemed full of gladness to him, and *his* life especially, his glorious painter's life, so great and noble. He had no genius probably, this boy Frank Liston; but his cheek could burn and his heart could beat with the love of all noble things. He never made the world ring with his name, but in his bright youth there were days—and this was one of them—when it *almost* seemed as if the power was given him to cut his way through the diamond gates.

He worked till it was growing late. All day, among the many things that had made him happy, one thing had been the presence of Christine. A bond of sympathy had sprung up between him and the simple, untaught, poor French girl—real human sympathy, such as made even the sight of her across the square a thing that kept his young heart warm. He liked to look up now and then and catch her smile; it was as good as sunlight to him. The old stones had their voices for him and tales to tell him, noble and sweet and sad, but while he listened to them it was good also to lift his eyes up sometimes and look upon a friendly, living face. He knew it was: he knew as he sat at work that his day had been the brighter for Christine.

Nor was it the last, by many a one, that she helped to brighten for him. From this time forward she became his one friend and one companion in Rouen; and no gentler friendship, no more honest and pure companionship ever existed than that between these two stray wanderers,—the girl, whose portion in this world was the selling of her beads at the church-porch, and the boy, whose beckoning beacon-light was burning on the high hill.

He made his sketch of her. It was a feeble little sketch, yet like enough to her, and true enough to fill them both with pleasure and pride. She sat to him morning after morning till he had finished it. He drew her just as she was, in her common dress, with her basket by her side, and the gray, sculptured wall beside her, and he made her talk to him all the time he worked. She had tried to begin at first by sitting stiff and prim, with her eyes immovable and her lips closed, but he had soon laughed her out of that.

"I shall never make anything of you unless you begin to talk," he told her.

"But how can monsieur draw my mouth if I talk?" she asked.

"O, never mind that; I'll tell you when I come to your mouth," he said, and by degrees he got her to talk, and presently she talked so cheerily and heartily—for by nature she was no lover of silence, but could chatter and chirp like any bird—that she often altogether forgot that she was sitting for her picture, which was exactly what he wanted her to do.

And so at last the little sketch was finished, and they looked at it, holding it between them, with proud, bright, happy eyes.

"Ah, if my mother could see it!" she said, with a sigh of simple delight.

"Well, why shouldn't she see it?" he asked. "Let me take it to her together, Christine."

"Would monsieur wish it?" she said, half timidly.

"I should like to see your mother, and she would like to see this, I am sure; and then—" he paused and looked at the little picture tenderly. "Well, you see, I don't think I could exactly give it to her, Christine," he said, "because I want so much to keep it myself, but I will tell you what I will do if she likes it,—I will make a copy of it for her."

"O, monsieur is too good!" But the color flushed up into her face with pleasure.

"I shall like to make a copy, and you know it would be unfair not to give you one; so that's settled. And now will you take me home with you to see your mother?"

They had, before this, had more than one walk together. She knew the old town well, and on several evenings, after the cathedral doors were closed, they had rambled side by side for a little while about the streets, searching out the old houses that he loved, or had lingered, young and hopeful as they were, to look in at bright shop windows. But he never yet had gone home with her. She had talked about her mother to him often, but with intuitive delicacy she had never even hinted at a wish that he should go and see her in the poor home where they lived.

Yet she had no false shame, and when they set out on their walk together this evening she merely said to him once, simply and quietly, "It is but a poor place, monsieur," and then without further apology she took him to it.

It was an upper room in a small house in a very old street. The stairs that led up to it were so dark that as they ascended she had to take him by the hand to guide him up; but the room itself was bright enough when they entered it, for its two high windows looked to the sunset. A clean and pure room, too, bare enough of furniture, but with sweet fresh air entering it through the open panes, and a scent of flowers coming in from pots of mignonette upon the sill. A small, shrunk, sickly-looking woman was sitting in an old arm-chair close to the light, and Christine went softly to her side and kissed her.

"*Ma mère*, this is monsieur, who has come to see you," she said, quickly.

And then he came forward and took the thin hand into his. It was a delicate, white, worn face, "Not like Christine's," he thought—until she spoke, and he suddenly caught upon her lips what was like the dying shadow of Christine's smile.

Long afterwards, when many years had passed, Frank Liston sometimes tried to recall and bring to life again the hours that he subsequently passed within this room. How were they spent? What had he done? What had they talked of? What had been the charm that had made these three—so unlike in all outward circumstances as they were—draw to each other? He could never tell,—could never breathe life again into the dead ashes of those hours. Twenty years afterwards, could he have gone and spent hours each day with two poor untaught women,—women who could not read or write, who neither knew nor dreamt of the height or depth of anything in this great world, whose universe was almost bounded by the four square walls of the mean habitation where they dwelt,—could he have passed hours each day with such as these, and found his heart grow knitted to them? He could not. But he did it once, in the old, dead days of his early faith and hope, when he saw a brother or a sister in every kind face he looked on, and when the pure high heart gazed forth on all the world through the light of its own transfiguring sunshine.

Day after day, and even week after week passed on, and he remained still in Rouen. He had meant when he left home to visit some three or four of the Norman or Bretaigne towns; but he had let his heart get wedded to this one old city by the Seine, and he could not leave it till his holiday was ended. It called him to stay with voices that he could not resist; it spread its silent beauty out before him, discovering to him day by day some new unexpected loveliness; it gave him its old gray walls to study, the records of its grandeur and its decay; it gave him its old heart to disinter; and it gave him Christine. Perhaps *she* kept him more than all beside; perhaps the one human interest was deeper than all that could attach itself to sculptured stones; but he, at least, if it was so, was scarcely conscious of it. He did not seek to weigh the separate interests apart; he only knew that she was to him, that she remained to him through his whole life, one inseparable portion of Rouen, and of that summer's holiday.

It was a perfect holiday, even although each day till almost sunset he worked away bravely at those sketches of his,—those sketches which were half right, because the feeling in him for everything around him was so deep and so true, and yet which in their execution were nearly always so immature and feeble, except when here and there some momentary inspiration gave to the hand a sudden strength. It would have been no holiday to him at all if he had been compelled to lay his pencil down. Such work as he did here was his best refreshment, his dearest rest. With never-ending delight he drew all day; and every evening he passed with Christine.

Sometimes they spent the whole of those evenings up in the poor garret in the narrow street; but more often she would carry her basket and her earnings home, and then they would wander far out of the town together, southwards across the river, or out to the open country, north and west, or eastward, away upon the hills. They would sit in woods and fields, playing sometimes like children, gathering flowers and filling the hollows of their hands with water from the hill stream. She could sing prettily, and she would teach her merry French songs to him, singing them again and again, till he learnt both air and words. And then he would talk to her. He was full of dreams and hopes about his life, and of love for a hundred things, living and dead, that she had never heard of, and of enthusiasm and reverence and faith; and of all these he talked to her: he would spend hours so, pouring out his boyish heart; how half of all he said to her must, in her ignorance, be like a dead language to her—he forgot that; she listened and sympathized with him, and that was all he asked.

They spent six weeks so. At the end of that time they parted. The last hours that they spent with one another were on a bright, soft Sunday evening. They took their last walk eastward by the river, and then up on the rising ground to the summit of Mount St. Catherine, and there sat down on the hill-top, with the fair city lying at their feet.

"O Christine, I shall never see it all again, perhaps!" he said, when he had sat gazing at it for a long time.

They had come here together, and had spent other evenings so before now; the hill, the town, the river, the dark cathedral towers against the summer sky, had all become familiar to the boy's eyes that were to see them now no more.

"Perhaps you will come here again next Sunday, when I shall be hundreds of miles away, Christine," he said. "I wonder if all this will seem like a dream then?"

"It will not seem like a dream to *me*," she answered, softly. "*You* will have other things to do; you will be at home then with the people that you love about you; but *I* shall have nothing to do, monsieur, but to sit still and think of all this time."

She always called him "Monsieur," even still. He had asked her long ago to call him by his name, but she had never done it.

"I have never been so happy in all my life," he said presently; he had thrown himself down on the grass, and laid his head upon her knees; he was looking at the old town, not at her. "If I lived for a hundred years I never shall forget these weeks. If ever I have a holiday again, shall I come back, Christine?"

"I should be glad if you came back," she said.

She was bending down a little, not touching him as he lay, but only looking at him with the lashes low over her eyes.

"If I came back next summer—I don't think I could, but supposing that I did—should we have all our old walks over again? Do you know, Christine, they say we never enjoy the same thing twice in the same way. But I don't believe that. If I were to come back again next year, why should we not be just the same again as we are now?"

"Perhaps we change when we do not know it," she said.

"We need never change in some things," he answered, hastily. "I don't know whether you mean to forget *me*, Christine; but I shall remember *you* to the last hour I live.'

"Monsieur, I shall not forget you," she answered, softly, after a moment's silence. "What shall I have to do when you are gone, but to remember? When I come back here, can I forget how we walked and sat together? When I go home to my mother, can I forget how your coming used to make her face bright? It is not those who remain behind that forget. I do not think *you* will forget us when you go away; perhaps you will think of us often; but you will think of us—you said it truly—as if we were parts of a dream: while we—" with a passionate gesture that he did not see, she clasped her hands, and uttered her last words with a broken sob,—"monsieur, when we lose you, we lose our daily bread!"

He turned his face round, and looked up, and saw her cheeks wet with sudden tears. Then, at that sight, half awed and wholly touched, the youth reached up his hand and clasped hers in it, and drew her arm down round his neck.

"Christine, I owe you more than I have given you, a thousand times," he cried. And holding her hand still, he raised it to his lips, and reverently and almost passionately kissed it.

His last night in old Rouen! Long after he had parted from Christine he was still wandering about the dark old streets, all lying quiet under the solemn summer sky, and going from church to church that he had loved, to take his last farewell of every noble front and kingly porch. And long after even that final walk was ended, he stood at his own window, leaning on his balcony, and looking down upon the river that flowed silently beneath the stars; dreaming some dreams, the memory of which—all colored by the glorious illusions of his youth—remained with him through after years, till both boyhood and youth had fled.

He went away very early in the morning. The diligence in which he was to leave began its journey at six o'clock, and by a quarter to six Christine and he were standing together in the court-yard whence it was to start. They stood apart from the other passengers, away from the confusion and the jostling of the people, very quiet, hand in hand.

They were together for about ten minutes, but there was something during those minutes in the throats of both of them that almost choked their words.

"Christine, I will come back again," he said to her, two or three times.

Once he looked in her face and said, "Don't forget me!" And the poor girl's lips quivered as he spoke, with a look that he never afterwards forgot.

He stood clasping her hand in his until he heard his name called, and the summons given him to take his place. Then he turned round and looked into her face, and said, half audibly:

"Christine!"

"Monsieur!" she answered, with a wild, sudden sob.

She threw her arms about his neck. By one passionate impulse they kissed each other; and with that first and last embrace they parted, and never met more.

The old man had told his story, standing in the shadow of the church.

"And did you never see her again, grandfather?"

"Never, my boy. It was a dozen years before I came here again, and she was gone then; I could never discover when or where; she might have been somewhere in the town, but I could not find her. The traces that the poor leave behind them soon pass away."

"But she may be alive and here yet; she may be here now."

"Ay, Fred, she may. She may be in here, not fifty feet away from us, telling her beads at this moment amongst the old women kneeling on the floor. But if I knew that she was, do you think I would go in and try to find her?" He shook his head, and smiled, half sadly. "We cannot put life into dead bones, Fred," he said, "nor throw a bridge across from youth to age. If I found her now, do you think we should rush into each other's arms? Nay, my lad, the girl and boy we have been talking of died and were buried fifty years ago."

He stood and leaned upon his stick, looking up again to where the swallows were flying in and out above the porch, till presently there came a sound of music towards them through the door.

"We are losing the mass, my boy; let us go in."

And so they went in, and listened to the gorgeous music that was rolling and swelling along transepts and aisle.

☞ A few weeks after a late marriage, a husband had some peculiar thoughts when putting on his last clean shirt, as he saw no appearance of a washing. He thereupon rose earlier than usual one morning and kindled a fire. When putting on the kettle he made a noise on purpose to arouse his wife. She immediately peeped over the blankets and then exclaimed, "My dear, what are you doing?" He deliberately responded, "I've put on my last clean shirt, and I'm going to wash one now for myself." "Very well," replied Mrs. Easy, "you had better wash one for me, too, while you are at it."

☞ "What's the matter, Uncle Jerry?" said Mr. ——, as old Jeremiah R—— was passing by, growling most ferociously. "Matter," said the old man, stopping short; "why, here I have been lugging water all the morning for Dr. C——'s wife to wash with, and what do you suppose I got for it?" "Why, I suppose about ten cents," answered Mr. ——. "Ten cents! She told me the doctor would pull a tooth for me some time."

☞ "Why are so few convicts in the Michigan penitentiary this year?" asked Sam's friend, a day or two since. "Why," said Sam, "they send them by the Pontiac railroad, and their time expires before they get there."

TWO LITTLE PAIRS OF BOOTS.

BY MRS. S. S. PERRY.

Two little pairs of boots, to-night,
Before the fire are drying,
Two little pairs of tired feet
In a trundle bed are lying;
The tracks they left upon the floor
Make me feel much like sighing.

Those little boots with copper toes!
They ran the livelong day!
And ofttimes I almost wish
That they were miles away!
So tired I am to hear so oft
Their heavy tramp at play.

They walk about the new-ploughed ground,
Where mud in plenty lies,
They roll it up in marbles round,
Then bake it into pies;
And then at night upon the floor
In every shape it dries.

To-day I was disposed to scold;
But when I look, to-night,
At those little boots before the fire,
With copper toes so bright,
I think how sad my heart would be
To put them out of sight.

For in a trunk, up stairs, I've laid
Two socks of white and blue;
If called to put those boots away,
O God, what should I do?
I mourn that there are not to-night
Three pairs instead of two.

I mourn because I thought how nice
My neighbor, "cross the way,"
Could keep her carpets, all the year,
From getting worn or gray;
Yet well I know she'd smile to own
Some little boots to-day!

We mothers weary get and worn,
Over our load of care;
But how we speak of little ones
Let each of us beware.
For what would our firesides be to-night,
If no little boots were there?

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XV.

ANOTHER LINK IN THE CHAIN.

Three weeks had passed since the return of Mrs. Winch to Normanford, and John English's polite dismissal from Belair. The young photographer had kept his word, as far as his stay at Normanford was concerned, going about his business here and there in the day time, but always making his way back to Cliff Cottage at nightfall. The chain, one end of which he had succeeded in grasping, had broken in his hands, and he knew no more than a blind man where to find the missing links. Being of a straightforward, unsuspicious nature, and not prone to think evil of others, the idea of any cunningly-devised scheme of deception, with himself for the victim, and reputable, well-to-do-people for its authors, was one that made its way but slowly into his mind. There were times when he was disposed to consider all his suspicions as so many wild chimeras of his own fancy, without any foundation in fact; and it is not improbable that in some such mood he would have quitted Normanford for ever, had there not been another attraction pulling powerfully at his heart-strings, which made him loath to leave the little country-town, and so quench positively, and for ever, his last faint hopes of again seeing her whom he so dearly loved; for to see her again by chance as it were, some day when she was walking or riding out; to see her at a distance, and without her knowledge; was the utmost that he could now hope for. He was banished from Belair; her sweet society was lost to him for ever; his very existence was probably forgotten by this time; but day passed after day, and still John English lingered purposelessly in the little town. From this state of indecision, and restless moody communing with his own heart, he was roused after a time by the receipt of a letter from his friend, Frank Mashiter—a hearty, wholesome letter, which acted as a mental tonic, endowing his faded purposes with fresh vitality, and counselling him in a cheerful friendly spirit to subordinate his day-dreams to the clear practical duty before him—the duty of doing his utmost to trace the hidden links of the chain which evidently connected him in some mysterious way with the landlady of the *Hand and Dagger*.

"Frank's letter is like a shower-bath—bracing, but severe," said John to himself, as he finished reading his friend's epistle. "Here have I been dreaming away one day after another, like the veriest lotus-eater; forgetting everything but that sweet delusion which is at once the pain and the gladness of my life. But nothing in this world is ever won by dreaming, and I'll build castles in the air no more."

"I think I see my way to the next step in this matter," resumed John after some cogitation. "I want certain information, and if any man can give me it, my friend Mr. Edwin can. I'll stroll down to his place this very evening."

Mr. Edwin was, literally and truly, the oldest inhabitant of Normanford, being over ninety years of age. He had been master of the Foundation School for half a century, but had retired, years ago, on a small annuity, and now lived with his sister, a maiden lady of seventy, in a little cottage on the outskirts of the town. How John English came to know the ex-schoolmaster, was in this wise. He was one morning visited at his lodgings by a little old-fashioned lady with very white hair, and very black eyes, who introduced herself as Miss Edwin, and then went on to say that she had come to ask whether Mr. English would do her the favor of taking a photographic likeness of her brother, who was the oldest inhabitant of Normanford, and confined to his house by an infirmity of the feet. Her brother had one son, who had emigrated to Australia many years ago. Father and son would never meet again in this world, and the portrait was wanted as a souvenir to send to that new home across the sea. She, Miss Edwin, was quite aware that portrait-taking was not in Mr. English's ordinary line of business; but under the circumstances, he would, perhaps ——; and the little white-haired old lady put her two hands together, and looked up so entreatingly in his face, that John had no heart to refuse her request. John called on Mr. Edwin the same afternoon, and found him to be a little withered gentleman, very sprightly and cheerful, despite his great age and the ailment which confined him to the house. The portrait was duly taken, as well as one of Miss Edwin, and the two duly despatched to the antipodes; but John's visits to the little cottage did not cease with this; he had grown to like the society of the old gentleman and his sister, a liking which was cordially reciprocated; and he not unfrequently strolled down for an hour after his day's work was over, for the sake of a pleasant chat with the Nestor of the little town.

Mr. Edwin, with his sister by way of supplement or addendum, might be considered as a living chronicle of the sayings and doings of Normanford for the last half-century; and John English could not have found any one more likely to supply him with the information he needed. With the propitiatory offering of a packet of genuine Kendal Brown in his pocket—for Mr. Edwin was a great snuff-taker—the young photographer went down to the cottage on the evening of the day on which he received the letter from his friend at Nice. It was not difficult to bring the conversation round to the required point, for the ex-schoolmaster was always ready and willing to talk about any person or thing that referred in any way to his beloved town.

"Yes," said Mr. Edwin, in reply to a question of John's, as he balanced a pinch of his favorite mixture between finger and thumb—"the landlady of the *Hand and Dagger* has certainly been a resident of Normanford for many years.—For how many years? Let me consider. Why, for two-and-twenty years, this past summer. She came to Belair with Lady Spencelaugh—with the present Lady Spencelaugh, that is—who is Sir Philip's second wife, his first lady having died in India, poor creature! a few years after marriage. Martha Winch was a young unmarried woman at that time, and a great favorite with her Ladyship. After a time she married Job Winch, a pudding-headed fellow, who originally was hostler at the very hotel of which he afterwards became landlord. I remember it was currently reported at the time that it was her Ladyship's money which put the newly-married couple into the *Hand and Dagger;* and through all these years, Mrs. Winch has never quite broken off her connection with Belair; she still goes frequently to see Lady Spencelaugh."

"How do you account," said John, "for the existence of so strong a tie between two people so different in social position as Lady Spencelaugh and Mrs. Winch?"

"All I can tell you with regard to that is from hearsay, and not from observation," replied the schoolmaster. "Lady Spencelaugh is the daughter of a poor Yorkshire squire. When young, her health was very delicate; and her father, with the view of improving it, sent her to be brought up in the house of a small farmer, one of his tenants, who resided somewhere in that wild stretch of country between Ingleton and Hawes, in the North-west Riding. Mrs. Winch that is now, was the daughter of this farmer; and the two girls, living under the same roof for five or six years, became firmly attached to one another; and not all the chances and changes of after-life have been able to trample out this early liking: the great lady up at Belair has never forgotten the friend of her youth."

"Had not Mrs. Winch a brother, when she first came to Normanford?" asked John.

"To be sure she had," replied the old gentleman; "and a drunken, dissolute, gambling dog he was—a surgeon by profession. He came to Normanford, and began to practise here soon after the arrival of Lady Spencelaugh; but he was too fond of shaking his elbow to do any good either to himself or others; and after leading a useless, bankrupt-sort-of life for two or three years, he left the country, and has not been heard of in this neighborhood since."

"Do you remember his name?" said John.

"To be sure. His name was Jeremiah, or Jerry, as he was more commonly called."

"But the surname?" urged John.

"Ah, there I confess I'm at fault," said Mr. Edwin, after a minute or two of silent cogitation. "It was rather an uncommon name, I'm sure; but—"

"Kreefe," broke in Miss Edwin hastily, and then went on silently with her knitting.

"Ah, to be sure," said her brother. "The fellow's name was Jeremiah Kreefe."

"Was he married?" said John.

"Yes. He brought his wife with him when he came here, and took her away when he went."

"Any family?"

"No—none," said Miss Edwin sharply, considering, perhaps, that it was within her province to answer such a question.

"Stay a moment, Janet, my dear," said Mr. Edwin with lifted forefinger. "Have you forgotten what I told you when I came back from Liverpool?"

"No, I have not forgotten," answered Miss Edwin; "but I still hold to the same opinion that I did then, that it was not the child of Dr. Kreefe and his wife whom you saw."

"The child might have been put out to nurse, you know, without any one in this neighborhood being aware of it," said her brother.

"A most unlikely thing," replied Miss Edwin. "If the child were their own, what necessity existed for any concealment of the fact? Besides, I remember to have heard Mrs. Kreefe say more than once, that she thought her husband would love her more, and be a better man, if there was only a pretty baby-face to entice him home of an evening. No, you may rely upon it, Gustavus, the child whom you saw was not their own."

"Then you incline to the belief," said Mr. Edwin, "that it was the child of some relative or friend whom they were taking over with them for reasons best known to themselves."

"I cannot think otherwise," answered the little lady.

This dialogue was listened to by John English with breathless interest.

"I have a particular reason," he said, "for wishing to know all that can now be learned respecting the antecedents of this man. Pray, oblige me by giving me whatever particulars you can recollect of the little incident just spoken of by you."

"Willingly," replied Mr. Edwin; "but there is really nothing worth telling. However—to begin at the beginning—Kreefe and his wife had been about two years at Normanford, when it was given out that they were about to emigrate; and sure enough, a few weeks later, the house was shut up, and we were told that they were gone. The fact of their going did not make much impression on my mind, the acquaintanceship between us being of the most distant kind; besides which, I was busy just then fitting out my boy Jack, whose mind was firmly bent on going to Australia. About a week or nine days after the departure of the Kreefes from Normanford, I found myself at Liverpool with Jack in tow. Well, sir, I saw my boy safely on board ship, took my last gripe of his hand, saw the vessel he was in fairly under-weigh, and was walking slowly along among the docks and basins, for I lost my way going back, but felt just then in too disconsolate a mood to care whither I was wandering, when I saw a cab draw up a few paces before me, from which, much to my surprise, there descended Mr. and Mrs. Kreefe, and a child, a boy, apparently about five years of age. They did not see me, and in the humor in which I then was, I did not care to go forward and make myself known. I waited a few minutes, and saw their luggage hoisted on board, and themselves cross the gangway, and disappear below decks, and then I came away. Janet and I have talked the matter over many times since that day, but I don't recollect that we have ever spoken of it to any one but you: you see it was no business of ours."

John had listened to this narration with the deepest interest. Mr. Edwin spoke again.

"I remember," he said, "that Kreefe's death was reported here several years ago, and that Mrs. Winch went into mourning avowedly on his account."

"Was there not something peculiar," said John—"something out of the common way, in the appearance of this Dr. Kreefe?"

"He walked with a limp, one of his legs being shorter than the other," said the ex-schoolmaster.

"And had a slight cast in one eye," added Miss Edwin.

"And a very peculiar, rugose, aquiline nose," continued her brother. "Take him altogether, Jeremiah Kreefe was certainly a singular-looking being; and once known, would not readily be forgotten."

John English walked back to Cliff Cottage that night with many strange new thoughts at work in his mind.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE POSTSCRIPT.

The landlady of the *Hand and Dagger*, sitting one afternoon in a thoughtful mood in the bow-window of her little snuggery, which looked across the market-place, saw John English turn the corner of the opposite street, and make as though he were coming to the hotel. The widow's heart beat faster than usual as she drew back into the darkest corner of the room, but still with her eye fixed on the young photographer. He had been in her thoughts at the very moment of coming into view—he had been there indeed of late to the exclusion of almost every other topic. His prolonged stay in Normanford made her anxious and uneasy. Nearly a month had elapsed since his dismissal from Belair, but still he lingered; and, as Mrs. Winch had heard from a reliable source, no hint had yet been received by Mr. Jakeway as to the probability of his early departure. Why did he not go? And why did he call so often on that gossiping old Mr. Edwin and his sister—people who had known her (Mrs. Winch) ever since her arrival at Normanford? Above all, what and how much of a certain matter did he know? That was the great question; and it was one that troubled Mrs. Winch's peace of mind by day and night. And now he was actually coming to visit her! The widow drew in her breath, and her thin lips compressed themselves tightly, while her eyebrows fell a little lower over the cold wary eyes beneath them. She became intent on her sewing. Suddenly the door opened, and John English stood before her.

"Why, Mr. English, what a stranger you are!" said the landlady, dropping her work, and rising with much cordiality of manner. "I thought you had entirely forgotten the old roof that first sheltered you when you came to Normanford;" she stopped to smile on him, and then she added: "Will you not take a chair? Pray, be seated."

John English was rather taken aback by this reception, so different from what he had expected; and forgot for a moment or two what he had intended to say. Could it be really true that he had been laboring all this time under some terrible misapprehension—that there was nothing but a mare's nest at the bottom of the business, and that the widow was secretly laughing at him? No, the proofs were too overwhelming; and the woman who stood before him had merely put on that smiling mask to help her in her endeavors to hide the truth.

"We will never mind the old roof just now, if you please, Mrs. Winch," said John, gravely, as he closed the door, and advanced into the room. "I have no doubt you are quite as well aware as I am, of the nature of the business which has brought me here to-day—better, perhaps."

"No, really," answered the widow, with a little dissentient smile and shake of the head: "you credit me with far more knowledge, Mr. English, than I can claim to possess. Positively, since you put the case on a business footing, I have not the remotest idea as to what has induced you to favor me with a visit this afternoon." She paused for a moment to thread her needle with steady hand and clear eye. "Stay, though," she added, as John was about to speak; "now that I come to think of it, I can perhaps guess the cause of your visit. It is about that ridiculous business of the crossed notes? Annoying to you, I have no doubt; especially after reading by accident my opinion of you as expressed in the note intended for Lady Spencelaugh. How you must have looked when you read it! and the only wonder is, you have not been here about it before. I declare I have had several good laughs to myself when I have thought about it. But I am forgetting that it has not yet been explained to you. No wonder you look mystified. You see, it all arose through a mistake of mine. Your name is not such a very uncommon one; and I mistook you for another Mr. English—a Mr. Ephraim English, a man whom I have never seen; but who unfortunately, has it in his power seriously to annoy both Lady Spencelaugh and me. As soon as I discovered the mistake, I sent Jerry to your lodgings with a message, asking you to be good enough to look in here the first time you might be passing; but, I suppose the poor foolish lad omitted to deliver it. Under the circumstances, I hope you will accept my apologies for the annoyance which the mistake has caused you. I can assure you that you do not regret it more heartily than I do myself."

"But you were quite aware from the first, Mrs. Winch," said the young man, "that my name was John English, and nothing else. I am really at a loss to understand how such a mistake could arise."

"So was I, when I came to think coolly of it afterwards," said the widow. "So stupid of me, was it not? But besides the singular coincidence of the surname, there were other circumstances on which I need not enter now, which induced me to think that you were the person I had in my mind when that note was written. But now that the matter has been clearly explained, I hope there is nothing to prevent our being good friends for the future."

John was silent. Was this woman's explanation to be accepted as the truth? To his ear, it had not the fine ring of sterling coin. "We will put aside for the present your explanation of the note, Mrs. Winch, which may or may not be correct," said John in his simple, straightforward way, which had yet nothing of rudeness in it. "There are one or two other circumstances which I wish to lay before you, and which you may, perhaps, be able to explain equally well."

The widow had been steadily sewing all this time; she now paused to bite off the end of her thread, and then looked up at John with a smile. She did not speak, but her eyes said: "Go on," as plainly as words could have done.

"You had a brother," began John; and then he stopped, for the widow started at his words, and turned on him a quick, terrified glance, which he did not fail to note. But next moment, she was herself again, as cool and collected as before. "You had a brother," resumed John; "by name, Jeremiah Kreefe; by profession, a surgeon; who, with his wife, emigrated to America twenty-one years ago."

"Quite true," said the widow; "and who, you might have added, unfortunately died there some seven or eight years since. Proceed, sir, pray."

"Mr. Kreefe walked with a limp, and had a peculiar cast in one of his eyes."

"Admitted," said the widow. "His misfortune, and not his fault, in both cases."

"Mr. Kreefe never had a son, I think?"

"Certainly not, as far as I am aware."

"He was in the habit, I believe, of corresponding with you occasionally after his arrival in America."

"Yes; Jerry and I were always friendly; and I have had many letters from him at different times. But really, Mr. English, these are purely family matters, and I do not see in what way they can possibly concern you."

"I shall come to that presently," said John. "As you were on such intimate terms with your brother, you can doubtless give me some particulars respecting the name, birthplace, and parentage of the child—a boy—whom he took with him from England, and who lived with him in America for four years. Can you not do this?"

The widow felt her heart cease beating for a moment or two; she seemed to grow pale internally; but her voice, when she spoke, expressed nothing but genuine surprise.

"You astonish me, Mr. English," she said, "more than I can tell. I think you must have been misinformed; but if what you say is true, I assure you that I know nothing whatever of any child taken by my brother and his wife with them to America. Surely you *must* have been misinformed."

"There is nothing but the simple truth in what I have told you," said John sadly. "I whom you see before you am that unfortunate child. I was taken across the Atlantic in the care of your brother; I lived with him for four years in some little country town; and then—"

"Yes, and then?" said the widow eagerly.

"What followed after that does not concern my story at present," said John.—"Do you mean, Mrs. Winch," he went on, "to tell me solemnly that you know nothing whatever of such a circumstance?"

"I assert most positively, Mr. English," said the landlady, "that I am in utter and entire ignorance of the transaction you mention. My brother, in this matter, never favored me with his confidence; and certainly his letters never hinted, even in the most remote manner, at anything of the kind. You have surprised me more than I could express to you in any words."

"When I came here this afternoon," said John, "it was with the conviction that, if you only chose to do so, you could give me some particulars of my birth and parentage—that you could perhaps even tell me my father's name, and reveal to me who I am. But I suppose I must go back as ignorant as I came."

The widow had triumphed, and she could afford to sympathize. "I declare, Mr. English, it is quite a little romance," she said; "hardly to be credited in these sober nineteenth-century days, is it? Sad for you, of course, and I am sure I feel for you sincerely. But the world holds many a good man who has been obliged to do without a father; and I am sure, Mr. English, that you have talent enough to make your own career."

John sat gazing moodily into the fire, but answered never a word.

"My brother, in his letters from Willsburgh—"

"Willsburgh!" exclaimed John, starting up; "that is the very name! That is the place where I lived with Jeremiah Kreefe. Do what I would, I never could bring it to mind before. Thank you, Mrs. Winch, for so valuable a piece of information;" and he took out his pocket-book, and wrote down the name there and then. The widow, in her elation, had incautiously lost a point, and was proportionally mortified thereby.

"And what do you purpose doing next in this matter, Mr. English?" she asked.—"It may be useful to know his next move," she said to herself.

"As soon as my affairs will admit of it," said John, "I shall go to America, and hunt out this Willsburgh; and if I only succeed in finding it, (and find it I will), I may be able to pick up some information there which will materially assist me in my search."

"Your search for what?"

"My search for a name," said John.

"You appear to forget, Mr. English, that my brother and his wife are both dead."

"Is Mrs. Kreefe dead?" said John, in a tone of disappointment. "My hopes lay in finding her still alive."

"She died shortly after her husband—seven years ago," said the widow, telling the lie boldly. Barbara Kreefe had only been dead a few months. "Besides which, they removed from Willsburgh sixteen or seventeen years since, and have doubtless been forgotten long ago."

"Then my hopes in that direction are crushed into a very small compass," said John.—"I need not detain you any longer, Mrs. Winch," he said, as he rose. "I suspected you wrongly, and I am sorry for it."

"Pray do not speak of it, Mr. English," said the widow, graciously. "If I can assist you in any way in this matter, I'm sure I shall be happy to do so."

John English took up his hat.

"Is your stay in Normanford likely to be a long one?" said the widow, carelessly, as she proceeded to fold up the work on which she had been so busily engaged.

"I can hardly tell," said John, with hesitation; "I have little to stay for now, and you may expect any day to hear that I am gone."

"You will not go without saying good-bye, I hope," said the smiling landlady.

Scarcely had John said good-bye for the time being, and left the room, than the widow rose, and with flashing eyes, and her hands crossed over her bosom, as though to keep her excitement within bounds, began to pace the little apartment with rapid strides. "The danger is over, thank Heaven!" she exclaimed, fervently; "but on the edge of what a precipice we have been standing—my Lady and I! How strange that he, out of all the millions now living in the world, should turn up at this out-of-the-way spot, without either instinct or memory to guide his footsteps hither! Who can say with surety that the evil they have done, be it ever so long ago, shall never be brought to light? What a straightforward, frank, handsome fellow he is! Ah, if he only new all! But I dare not imagine such a possibility. No, we are safe now, my Lady and I—safe—safe—safe!"

Hardly had the last word escaped her lips, when the door was re-opened, and John English stood again before her. Some fine instinct warned her of coming danger, even before he had spoken a word, and she was on her guard in a moment.

"I think, Mrs. Winch," said John—and there was a change in his tone which she did not fail to detect—"I think you stated most positively that the fact of your brother having taken a child with him to America was entirely unknown to you?"

"Precisely so. I had no knowledge of the circumstance whatever."

"What port did your brother sail from?"

"From Liverpool, I believe."

"Did you not go to Liverpool with your brother to see him off?" demanded John.

"By what right do you catechise me in this way, Mr. English?" said the widow, haughtily. All her efforts could not keep the tell-tale color out of her cheeks.

"By the right of a man who has been foully wronged," replied John. "Answer me a straightforward question in a straightforward way, Mrs. Winch. Did you or did you not, accompany your brother to Liverpool, and see him safe on board ship?"

"I did," said the widow.

"Then most certainly you must be aware that your brother took a child with him in the vessel."

"I am aware of nothing of the kind. I am positive that there was no child there."

"Let me refresh your memory; and remember I have my information from an eye-witness who is still alive. You and your brother, together with his wife and a boy about five years old, were driven in a cab to the dock in which the vessel they were to sail in was moored. You bade them good-bye there and then. Dr. Kreefe, his wife, and the lad then went aboard; and after a last wave of the hand, you turned away, and were driven back in the same cab by which you had come.—Who was that boy?"

"I will answer no more questions," said the widow, huskily. She was pale enough now.

"Then you refuse to answer the question I have just asked you?"

"I do."

"Consider well before you finally decide. You have been prevaricating with me from the first, and that you took a prominent part in the black piece of work which tore a helpless child from his home, and deprived him of his name, I can no longer doubt. But much of this evil may still be undone by a free and frank confession. I warn you, however, that should you still refuse to furnish me with the information I want, I will use my utmost efforts—ay, though it should cost me twenty of the best years of my life, and every penny I possess—to bring this crime to light, and punish the perpetrators of it. Once more I ask you, whose child was it that was taken aboard?"

"The child of a friend," said the landlady, slowly and coldly, "which my brother agreed to take out to some of its relatives in America. It died during the voyage; and that is all I know of the matter."

"Woman, you lie!" said John, savagely. "I see plainly that you will not speak the truth. I have given you fair warning; and when the day of retribution comes, I will not spare you."

"And I warn you, John English, not to meddle further in a matter that is no wise concerns you," said the widow. "You know not whither it may lead you. As for your threats, I laugh at them. A young man's empty bravado!—nothing more.—He is gone, and does not hear me. Oh, my lady, my lady! what evil day is this coming surely upon us!"

John English, on leaving his lodgings to walk up to the hotel, had had a note from old Mr. Edwin put into his hands. It was a simple invitation to John to go and smoke a friendly pipe with the old gentleman that evening, if not otherwise engaged, but concluded with a postscript, couched in the following words: "I forgot to mention, when I was telling you the other evening about that affair of Kreefe's, in which you seemed so strangely interested, that Mrs. Winch, of the *Hand and Dagger*, was at the docks that day, at the same time that I was, and saw the doctor, his wife, and the strange child on board the ship." The postscript then went on to give the further details as recounted by John to Mrs. Winch.

John, on receiving the note, had opened it; and having taken in the contents with one careless glance, without noticing the postscript, had then thrust it into his pocket, his mind being anxiously engaged just then with his approaching visit to Mrs. Winch. On leaving the *Hand and Dagger*, he had referred to Mr. Edwin's note again, in order to ascertain whether any particular hour had been named by the old gentleman for his visit. What effect the perusal of the postscript had on him, the reader has already seen.

On leaving the *Hand and Dagger*, for the second time, John English set off in the direction of Belair. He had made up his mind during the last few minutes to call upon Lady Spencelaugh and seek from her some explanation as to the contents of Mrs. Winch's note, which seemed to connect him in some mysterious way with her Ladyship; for he no longer gave any credence to the landlady's version of the affair. Mrs. Winch may perhaps be playing a hidden game on her own account, and without Lady Spencelaugh's knowledge; my seeing her Ladyship may therefore be of service both to herself and me. If, on the contrary, her ladyship is leagued with Mrs. Winch against me, I shall at least know the forces against which I have to

fight." The reading of the postscript had decided him not to leave Normanford for the present.

When he reached Belair, he sent in his card, with a remark pencilled on it, that his business was urgent and private. "Her Ladyship is not at home," said the large footman, returning after an interval of three minutes with John's card still on his salver. And so John was politely bowed out of the great house.—"I will write to Lady Spencelaugh to-night," said John to himself, as he sauntered back through the park; "she shall have my statement of the facts, as well as Mrs. Winch's; and she must then judge for herself between the two."

He wrote accordingly; but his letter was returned to him the following morning in a sealed envelope, without a word of any kind. "We are to be enemies, then, I suppose," said John, sadly, as he flung his missive into the fire, and watched it shrivel into ashes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A RURAL CART VISIT.

Let them talk of the bliss of a chariot,
With four prancing horses before,
With a liveried coachman to drive it,
And a lackey to open the door;
The soft yielding down of its cushions
May ease and enjoyment impart,
But, for fun and for frolic, there's nothing
Like a rough, wholesome ride in the cart.

Mem'ry carries me back to that morning
When, hooded and shawled for a ride,
We entered the cart (with a donkey)
And an escort to walk by our side;
How funny to see the fair driver,
When coaxing the creature to go,
With "Get up, sweet donkey, good fellow,
You'll carry us safely, I know."

Through the old solemn woods we slow wandered,
Lined thick with its sentinel trees,
And heard the low musical breathings
Of leaves played upon by the breeze!
We grew sad as we heard that sweet music;
A shade seemed to fall on the heart,
And we truly became sentimental,
Whilst riding about in the cart.

Tell me not pleasure dwells in the ball-room,
Where vanity stalks in its pride,
Where deceit and contempt, like twin sisters,
Companioned, are seen side by side;
Where the bodice of silver and satin
Conceals the deep rankling dart,
Where bright eyes, like jewels are flashing,
But no eye sees the grief-shaded heart.

Tell me not in the proud halls of fashion
That gayety only is found,
That the polka's the summit of pleasure,
And there's bliss in the waltz's round;
I would freely give up the enjoyment
The waltz or quadrille can impart
For a bright sunny heaven above me,
And a ride through the woods in a cart.

When they talk of the bliss of a chariot,
With four horses prancing before,
I will think of that quiet old donkey,
Whose pace, though so slow, was so sure;
When they talk of the downy silk cushions,
That such happiness seem to impart,
Remembrance will point to the morning
When we took a rough ride in the cart.

A STORY WITH A VENGEANCE.

IN THREE SCENES.

SCENE I.—THE PARIS MAIL.

"Creil! Creil! Three minutes here!" intoned the swarthy guard of the Paris night-mail, putting his head in at the window. A man, the sole occupant of the carriage, in a fur-lined travelling-coat, with a heap of rugs and wraps beside him on the cushions, roused himself from a half-doze, and got out of the warm *coupé* on to the gusty platform, running rather sharply as he did so against a woman shrouded in a long cloak, the *capuchon* of which, with her double veil, completely hid her face.

"Ah! pardon, Madame," he said, in the unmistakable British accent, half raising his cap; and then elbowed his way towards the *buffet*. It was a wild night in March—a night when the fierce north-easter penetrates to your very marrow through the warmest garments. Morton Devereux shivered, half with cold, half with impatience, as the bartender filled a double-sized silver flask, emblazoned with his crest and initials, from one of the long-necked bottles. The waiter at the *Grand Hôtel* had forgotten the brandy at the last moment, and the Guardsman cursed him freely in his heart for the trouble his negligence was causing him. No very great trouble, certainly; but it was Devereux's nature to curse everything and everybody that interfered, in however remote a degree, with his own personal interest or comfort; and it was more comfortable inside his coupé, covered up with his rugs and his plaids, than standing there at that draughty buffet, while "that clumsy beggar" was filling his flask with the brandy he found absolutely necessary on such a night. The flask was filled at last. He snatched it out of the waiter's hands, flung down the cost of the brandy, and hurried on to the platform. There was the usual stir there: people going hurriedly to and fro in search of their particular compartment, rushing frantically at the last moment to swallow a *petit verre*, shouting, swearing, laughing—here and there among them a sulky Briton or Franco-Teuton fending his way through the mass, on the great "Ring" principle, "that weight must tell."

The guard opened the door of Devereux's coupé with an impatient exclamation, for the cold had affected him too, and the mail-train had some ten minutes' detention to make up. The Guardsman had flung himself into his seat, arranged his rugs once more, and twice filled and emptied the silver cup of his flask; the train had started again, and was getting fairly into its swing, before he perceived that he was not alone. Right in the shadow of the farthest corner, wrapped in her cloak, with its deep capuchon hiding her face still, sat the woman he had jostled as he got out at Creil. Her veil was up now, and out of the shadow her eyes were gleaming, in their fixed watchfulness of her companion's every motion, like a panther's. Devereux almost started as he met suddenly that steady gaze. But he half rose from his seat with a muttered oath, as a voice he knew well enough, or thought he knew, addressed him. First a low soft laugh, and then: "My dear Morton!" it said: "What a happy meeting!" and again that low soft laugh. There was no doubt of it now; he knew who his companion was perfectly well. To judge by the expression of his face, he didn't seem so absolutely enchanted at the "happy meeting" as he might have been. There was certainly more of repugnance than delight in his startled: "What! you here, Valerie!" She laughed again, as she flung back the capuchon from her head, and revealed the face he had indeed hoped never to look upon again. A strangely handsome face, with a certain fascination in its dark beauty, a subtle, mocking light in the flashing eyes, and a scornful curve in the scarlet of the lips, one might look to see in a fallen angel's.

"Myself," she answered in perfectly accented English. "You thought I was dead, I suppose? Not yet, you see. We have both lived to meet once more. Haven't you a word to greet me with, after so long a separation?"

Devereux, sitting there, his face turned towards hers (which, as she spoke, was full in the light of the lamp) in eager scrutiny, was silent; but his white lips were working in a way more like unto cursing than blessing, assuredly.

"It is odd, though," she went on, "that we should meet in this way, isn't it? I recognized you at once, when you ran against me, just now, on the platform, and begged my pardon. You little thought *whose* pardon you were asking!"

Devereux answered her low mocking laugh with an evil look on his handsome face, as he said: "You're right there! If I *had* known—"

"You would have been ungallant enough, I fear, to try and avoid the little *tête-à-tête* I have long been wishing to secure? Yes; so I fancied, and that would not have suited me at all; so I left Fiorine in the other carriage, and waited for you here in this corner. You were so long in getting that brandy, that I began to think the train would start without you, and that I should be disappointed after all. Imagine, then, my satisfaction, when I saw you appear at last and take your seat without even noticing me!"

"What do you want?" he broke in here. "Money? I have none. You haven't dogged me in this way, I presume, merely to give me the pleasure of seeing your face once more?"

"You are charming! That brutal straightforwardness of yours has even improved since the old time. But you are wrong. I *have* dogged you—as you gracefully observe—merely to have the pleasure of your society for an hour or two en tete-a-tete. I want absolutely nothing else of you!"

"It's as well you *don't*, ma belle! And as for the tete-a-tete—"

"Stop! there's no occasion for you to be rude. Surely the knowledge that I have no designs on your purse might make you decently civil! Give me just a mouthful of that brandy—I'm horribly cold. And—you were smoking before I disturbed you—light another cigar, and give me a cigarette: you have some in that case."

She stretched out her hand—a daintily-gloved, taper hand enough, one of Valerie Duhamel's best "points"—towards the seal-skin cigar-case which lay on the seat between them. He pushed it towards her, and while she selected and kindled her cigarette, filled the silver cup again, and handed it to her, with a sneer. "The old tastes still, Valerie!" he said.

"Eh, parbleu!" she laughed, "seeing you reminds me of the old times!—Ah! that warms one.—And now, my dear, for a little conversation." She settled her wrappers about her, puffed three or four tiny puffs of smoke with all the deliberation of a connoisseur in Russian tobacco, and then, leaning indolently back upon the cushions, asked: "First, tell me—when are you to be married?"

Devereux's nerves had recovered their wonted tone again by this; so, instead of being startled, as she had perhaps intended he should be, by this sudden question, he merely answered, as he lit his Cabana, with his wonted *sang froid*: "Oh, you know that, do you? May I ask, how?"

"Yes, I know it," she replied; "how—doesn't matter. I know most things about you which it concerns me to know: for instance, I knew you were to marry your cousin, Lady Flora, six weeks ago; I knew why you were to marry her—because it's your last chance; that is, if *Barabbas* don't win the Derby. Am I not right?"

"Something like it, anyhow," he answered carelessly, without taking the regalia from his mouth. "Go on."

"Ah, you mean, I have forgotten your uncle, Sir Walter—that, if he dies childless, the Braithwaite estates come to you?"

"Yes, I *did* mean that. You seem perfectly acquainted with the state of my affairs, Valerie. And yet I don't see, quite, how my marriage or my inheritance concerns you. We've dissolved partnership long ago, you know."

"Surely I may have a natural interest in the well-being of an old friend? And your marriage, at all event, does concern me."

"Bah! how?"

"Why, has it never struck you, Morton, that I might, if I chose, prevent this match?"

"Can't say it has. The supposition wouldn't have been flattering to my common-sense!"

"Yet it ought to have struck you. You smile. You mean, I have no claim on you—no proofs? Who knows? Suits have been won on lighter evidence in our courts, mon ami! And, supposing I saw and spoke with Lady Flora?"

"First suppose my cousin would see and listen to you!"

"She would do both—when she heard my name; the name I once bore, be sure. And even if I could not prove my case to her, I could at least ruin yours."

"You *might*—but you won't!"

"That depends. Why do you say so?"

"Because, if I thought you meant playing *that* game, I'd—"

She laughed lightly, though the murderous glare in his eyes told her his meaning only too plainly.

"No, you wouldn't, dearest! First, because Fiorine is in the next carriage, and would miss me at Amiens; secondly, because I am quite well able to protect myself. See!" and as she spoke, Devereux saw the glint of a tiny damascened steel barrel, that lurked in the ambush of Valerie's sable muff. She went on, quite quietly: "Enough of this folly; let us converse like reasonable beings. It is granted, then, that failing one of two events—a horse you have betted large sums on winning the Derby; or your marriage with your cousin—you are a ruined man. What 'ruin' means for a man like yourself, you know perfectly well—it means disgrace, dishonor, exile. But the horse may win—and you are saved; the marriage may take place—and you would have nothing to fear. With the first contingency, I have nothing to do; with the second, much. I am willing to let matters take their own course, without any interference on my part—on one condition."

"You want your share of the plunder, I suppose?" he sneered.

"Wrong again! I want nothing of the sort. My condition is simply this: That you give me your word—and remember, if you break it, I hold the means of punishing you—never, under whatever circumstances we may meet again, by a word, or sign, or look, to show that we are, or ever have been, anything but total strangers; that, from to-night, you blot our past from your recollection as utterly as though it had never existed. Do you agree?"

"Is that all? Gad! it was hardly worth while to get up this scene, if you wanted nothing more! I'd have promised you what you ask, without any melodramatic threats, you know! Let you alone? *You* let *me* alone, Valerie, and you won't have anything to complain of in *my* interference in your little game, whatever it is, I promise you!"

"Then, you pledge me your word to what I ask?"

"As often as you like."

"Good!—And now, just one bit of advice, Morton Devereux, before we part to-night. Keep your faith with me, and it shall be your own fault if you ever hear of, or see me, for the future. Break it, in ever so slight degree, and take care! It will be the worse for you. I say it!"

When the Paris mail started again, after its ten minutes' halt at Amiens, Morton Devereux had his coupé to himself once more.

SECOND SCENE.—AT "HER MAJESTY'S."

In time—from March to May; in place—from the coupé on the North of France Railway, to the Omnibus Box at Her Majesty's Theatre. The curtain has just fallen on the first act of a new opera, and the hum of voices in the box is growing louder and louder. Apparently, the conversation is interesting—let us listen to it awhile.

"I suppose it's true, then?" Lord Greystoke is saying, rather doubtfully.

"True, my Lord?" cries little Tom O'Dowd, who has arrived in a swift Hansom from White's with the intelligence in question: "True? Not a doubt of it, my Lord! They came to Bruton street, yesterday evening, from Paris. And they tell me, at Sams', she has got the box opposite—Lady Gryffyn's that was—for the remainder of the season. I shouldn't wonder if she showed up to-night!"

"All square, I suppose?" asked a Guardsman languidly.

"Oh, quite! Done at the Embassy, you know."

"Bore for Morton, if it's a fact!" continued the Guardsman. "He'll be cut out to a moral!"

"Who knows?" said another. "The estates are entailed, and he mayn't leave an heir after all—Sir Walter mayn't."

"Fellow generally *does* have an heir, when he wants to cut out his nephew—at least, it was so in *my* case!" murmured Maidlow plaintively. "Take the long odds it's all *up* with Devereux, if you like!"

"Fancy the old fool marrying!" said that relic of the Regency, Lord Crevecœur: "'pon my soul, Braithwaite ought to have known better! Who *is* the woman?"

"That's just what nobody knows, my Lord!" struck in little Tom O'Dowd eagerly—Tom loved to have a Lord to listen to him—"That's just what nobody knows! She's a foreigner, I hear—a French woman—but she speaks English like a native, they told me at Sams', just now. And she's something quite uncommon, as to beauty and so forth—something wonderful!"

"I hope she'll turn up here to-night!" the Guardsman amiably observed. "Morton will be here presently—it'll be good fun to see him meet his new aunt! Gad! you know, if *Barabbas don't* win—and I heard he was uncommon shaky at the Corner just now—Morton 'll be in a deuce of a hole, and no mistake! He's standing awful heavy on the favorite. And now to find his chance of fifteen thousand pounds a year pretty nearly as bad as none at all! It *is* trilling!"

"They've tied up Lady Flora's money fast enough, too, I fancy, haven't they?" asked Maidlow. "He can't get at that, if he should happen to want it on settling-day?"

"Not a half-penny!" returned the other. "Everything's settled on her—they took care of that. The settlements deuced nearly broke off the whole business; but Morton thought better of it, and went on. They paid his ticks for him, and started him clear again. If he hadn't married her, he'd have had to cut and run before now. And he chose her. Nice little child she is, too—spoons him no end."

"More fool she," muttered old Crevecœur under his beard.

Just about this time, a Hansom cab drove furiously up to the door of a house in Burton street. The occupant leaped hastily forth, and knocked loudly and imperiously. At the summons, a resplendent footman opened the outer portals.

"Sir Walter is in town, I know," said Devereux's voice, strangely excited. "Ask him if I can speak to him at once!—Confound it! man, don't you know who I am? Tell him Captain Devereux is here!"

He had spoken so hurriedly, that the man had had no time to answer him. But there came a grave, quiet personage in the sable uniform of a groom of the chambers, who took what words the gorgeous flunky would have spoken out of his mouth in this wise: "Captain Devereux? Ah, Sir Walter's nephew. Sir Walter and my Lady have just left for the Opera: they have Lady Gryffyn's box for the remainder of the season—in case, that is, Sir Walter's health should allow him to remain so long in town. Perhaps you would kindly leave word what time you will call to-morrow, sir? Sir Walter is rarely visible now before one or two; but I will mention—"

Devereux waited to hear no more. "If I don't see Sir Walter to-night, I will call to-morrow afternoon—tell him." Then he jumped into his Hansom—"Back to Lowndes street," he ordered: "and look sharp."

The groom of the chambers bowed imperturbably—he was chosen by my Lady herself, this perfect creature—and motioned to his subordinate to close the doors. The Hansom went back as hard as the plucky screw in the shafts could gallop, to Lowndes street.

"Wait!" cried Morton to the driver. He opened the street-door with a pass-key, and went in. Lady Flora was alone in the drawing-room up-stairs; she heard her husband's step, as he passed the door on his way to his dressing-room, and came out.

"Good Heavens! Morton!" she said, as she saw how pale his face was. "Is there anything the matter?"

"Nothing," he answered abruptly, almost harshly. "I'm in a hurry, that's all."

He went into his dressing-room, and dressed hastily. When he came out, he found Lady Flora waiting rather anxiously on the landing.

"I may as well tell her now," he thought. "Come in here a moment, Flo." When they were in the drawing-room, he said: "I've just heard some bad news. My uncle, Braithwaite, has married some woman or other, whom nobody knows, in Paris. They've just come to England, and are to be at the Opera to-night: I'm going there to meet them. Good-bye."

"Stay!" said Lady Flora: "you quite frighten me, Morton, you seem so excited."

"What man wouldn't be excited when he's cut out of his own, as I am? It's all up with my chance for the Braithwaite property, don't you see? Fifteen thousand pounds a year lost by this piece of old-man's folly! He may live to leave half-a-dozen children, you know."

"Never mind, dear," said well-meaning Lady Flora; "we shall do quite well without, I daresay."

"Yes, if *Barabbas* runs straight, we shall. If he *don't*—and there are queer stories about him afloat now— I tell you what it is, Flora, the old man has been swindled or tricked somehow into this affair. He never dreamed of such a thing six months ago—nor three."

"But are you quite sure it's true?"

"True! Why, don't I tell you I've just come from Bruton street, where they talked to me about 'My Lady?' There's no doubt about it, worse luck! However, I'll go and see what she's like.—And if"—he muttered to himself when he was driving in the Hansom to the theatre—"and if this vague suspicion that haunts me proves correct, by Heaven! she'd better look to herself."

Meantime, there had appeared in Lady Gryffyn's box two personages, whose arrival was the signal for a general levelling of every glass in the Omnibus Box, opposite, at them.

"By George! there she is, at last," said Lord Crevecœur.

A tall, dark-haired woman, superbly dressed, whose large eyes flashed as brightly as her parure of diamonds, and whose scarlet lips were curled in a haughty smile, came forward with an assured air, as to the manner born, to the front of the box, and seated herself side by side with a spare, erect, old gentleman—her husband, Sir Walter Braithwaite. Both seemed utterly indifferent to the marked "sensation" which their presence produced in the crowded house. My Lady kept her attention fixed upon the stage till the act-drop fell again, and then suffered her great eyes to wander carelessly round the tiers of boxes, and now and then stray downwards to the rows of stalls. But she bent her stately head fondly and gracefully towards her husband, whenever he addressed her; and ever and anon the scarlet lips parted in a superb smile at some remark or other he would make.

"Gad!" said old Greystoke, in the Omnibus Box, "Braithwaite isn't such a fool, after all, Crevecœur. She's a magnificent woman!"

"Bah!" said the Nestor of White's. "He must have been mad to marry such a woman as that, at his time of life. Look at those big eyes of hers! There'll be the devil to pay there one of these days!"

There was a box on the pit tier of which Devereux had the *entrée*—it was just under the Omnibus Box, and of course commanded a full view of Lady Gryffyn's. He was sitting there alone, fortunately, for his face was by no means pleasant to look upon just at this moment. He too, hidden in its depths, had, unseen himself, witnessed the entry of his uncle and the woman who had robbed him of his inheritance; and at the first glance he had recognized her. The vague suspicion which had so unaccountably haunted him since he had heard the rumor of his uncle's marriage, was confirmed beyond all doubt. It was *she*, then, whom he had to thank for this! He saw now what had induced her to make that compact with him to bury the past—their past, and its history—in oblivion. Her game was quite clear to him. Had he guessed it when he saw her last, he would have risked the harm she could have done him then, and spoiled it; but at that time he knew he was in her power—that she could have broken off that marriage with his cousin, and he had been glad to purchase her silence on the easy terms she asked. "But," he thought in his rage and mortification, "it's different *now*: she can't hurt me with Flora now. If she fancies I'm going to hold my tongue, and let her rob me like this, she's infernally mistaken, that's all.—I'll let that old fool know *whom* he's married, at anyrate, before he's twenty-four hours older."

He waited in the crush-room, presently, with Maidlow and one or two other men—who chaffed him rather unmercifully on the way he had been swindled—to see her pass.

"I haven't seen her yet," he said, lying, he hardly knew why: "I should like to know what sort of a woman she's like."

"Here she comes," said his brother Guardsman, "on the old boy's arm. Now, then, Morton, let's see you wither my Lady with a look as she goes by."

She did very nearly go by without seeing Morton in the crowd; but there came a stoppage in the front, and she halted with the rest. In the glance she flung around her, she caught sight of him at last. There was something in the cool, mocking, triumphant expression of her face, as she met his look of bitter wrath and malice, that fairly maddened him. "Is *that* she?" he asked, loud enough for her to hear.

Her face changed as he spoke: there came an expression of such deadly vindictiveness into it as might have warned and restrained him at any other moment. He only laughed a low harsh laugh now.

"What! do you know her, then?" whispered some one at his elbow, who had interpreted my Lady's evil look, and was curious to know its meaning.

"Know her?" replied Devereux in the same tone, distinctly enough to catch the ears of one or two bystanders. "Yes, I know her, and so do the Paris police. They'd tell you she was a Russian spy, and that her name was Valerie Duhamel."

SCENE THE LAST.—BY THE DARK WATER.

Forty-eight hours later. The scene changes to Braithwaite Manor, on the outskirts of the New Forest, in Hampshire. The gray old Elizabethan house stands on a gentle eminence, bounded on one side by its long winding avenue, and on the other by the waters of the Wayverne, which runs through the grounds—solitary and secluded enough. There is no other house within six or eight miles of the Park gates. The keepers' lodges even lie at nearly half a mile from the manner-house itself.

It is a still sultry night. Low down yonder, a heavy bank of clouds is moving up slowly against the little air there is abroad—it is the storm-cloud that has been brooding over the place all day, and that will burst upon it presently. Now and then, you catch the ominous muttering of the distant thunder; but all else is deadly still. The window of a room in the western wing, which overlooks the Wayverne, is open. Through it there comes a little ray of light from the taper which a woman, dressed in a long, black cloak, with its hood drawn over her head, is holding in her hand. She has been standing there for nearly five minutes, watching, listening. All without is so quiet that she knows she shall catch the sound of the footsteps of the man she awaits, as he comes along the river walk which runs under the window, at least a minute before she will see him. She has heard no footstep yet and the hands of her watch are drawing closer and closer together upon midnight. She leans her hand—a white shapely hand, on the fingers whereof flash and gleam the opals and diamonds of costly rings—upon the window-sill, and looks down, steadily, at the dark waters below. It flows strong and deep just there, and (so narrow is the river-walk at this point) apparently close beneath her. She feels, probably, that she has no need to fear intrusion where she is—the room is the last of a suite she calls her own, and the servants are all sleeping on the other side of the house in the east wing—or the mistress of Braithwaite Manor would hardly be so regardless of *les convenances* as, with that disguising cloak flung over her bare shoulders, and by the dim light of that single wax taper, to be going to see and speak with a man whom (so she avers, at least) she has known but eight-and-forty hours. As that is her intention, however, we must suppose she does feel perfectly secure against any watching eye or listening ear. And so she may. No eye is watching, no ear listening, in all that silent, darkened house, but hers. A step, far off as yet, treading the gravel of the walk, breaks the stillness at last. "At last!" mutters the watcher. The taper is extinguished, and with her right hand in her bosom underneath her cloak, the woman stands waiting in utter darkness.

* * * * * *

The morning after that little scene in the crush-room at the Opera, Morton Devereux had received two pieces of intelligence. The first was, that *Barabbas* had broken down badly, and, in all probability, would never come to the post. The writer concluded by saying there might be yet time to "lay off" a good deal of the money, as the fact of the mishap was known at present to only one or two. The second was, that "Lady Braithwaite regretted having been absent from home when Captain Devereux called yesterday;" and the more so because the state of Sir Walter's health rendered it imperative that they should leave town at once for Braithwaite Manor. This note concluded by saying they would start next morning, and expressed a hope that Captain Devereux would visit them in Hampshire ere long. Devereux's frantic rage at this specimen of "my Lady's" powers drove the state of *Barabbas* out of his head for a time. He rushed off to Bruton street, only to be told, when the door was opened to his imperious summons, that "Sir Walter and my Lady had left town by the first train." "The she-devil!" he soliloquised, as he walked into Berkley Square on his way home—"the she-devil! Does she mean to pretend to carry on this farce, and ignore any previous knowledge of me when we meet—after what happened last night? She's either stronger than I fancy, or she's meditating some infernal mischief, and don't care how far she provokes me. She looked like a fiend when I told that little anecdote about her last night. She's just the woman to— Bah, what am I thinking about? *That* game don't do in these times. No; she's afraid of me, and has hurried that old fool out of town, to stop my poaching upon her to him. Means to take him abroad, perhaps—who knows? I'll beat her for all that. What have I to fear from her now? And now *Barabbas* has gone wrong, if I haven't the estate to fall back upon, or a sufficient chance of it to satisfy the Jews, it's all over with me. I'll go down to Hampshire to-night." But he went to "the Corner" first, and there tried to put in practice the advice he had received about laying off the money he had put upon the favorite. He was too late. The story had got wind, and backers were very shy indeed. He went about, trying hopelessly to hedge, till the last train had gone from Waterloo; and it was not till late the next evening that, with rage and despair in his heart, he drove through the lodge gates of Braithwaite Manor.

If he failed either in opening his uncle's eyes, and so getting rid of "my Lady" for ever, or (he had thought, in his desperate strait, of *this* too) in making *her* pay heavily for his silence, he was a ruined man on the next settling day. He was prepared to play either game; but whichever he did play, by fair means or foul, he *must* win. "My Lady" came into the drawing-room where they had shown him, presently, to receive her nephew—"Sir Walter being unable to bear any excitement at present," the groom of the chambers said. The interview was long—lasting, indeed, till the Louis Quatorze clock on the chimney-piece had struck eleven. Then "my Lady" wished Captain Devereux a cordial good night, and retired to her own apartments. Refreshments had been prepared for the unexpected guest in the dining-room, and dismissing the servant who had waited on him, Devereux finished his supper alone. He had eaten of the dishes set before him, with an appetite which showed he had more than recovered his equanimity; and now, flinging himself into a fauteuil by the open window, he deliberately lit a cigar, and fell to smoking tranquilly. "So far, so good!" he thought. "I was right after all, and she *is* afraid of me. For the time, then, I am her master. She must get me out of this hole that cursed horse has let me into, and then—we shall see! The trump-card is always in my hand when I choose to play it! She's a clever woman, Valerie—gave in, when she saw I meant mischief, and found she couldn't help herself. I wish she'd given me the notes before I left her—I'd get away to-night. Something might be done about the race yet. She'd be at her window, by the river-walk, in half an hour—she said. It's more than that now. No matter! Curse her!—let her wait. If it weren't for the notes she promised to have ready, she might wait all night for me! Good Burgundy this. It ought to be mine, every bottle of it! By Heaven! it *shall* be, too, before long. Let me once get out of this mess, and then let 'my Lady' look to herself!" And so on, till the flask of that precious Chambertin was empty. Then he rose, and without troubling himself to get his hat, walked on to the terrace, and towards the river-walk, his hands in his pockets, and the big Cabana glowing angry-red between his lips.

The footsteps came nearer—slowly, as though he were in no hurry, albeit late at his tryst by well nigh half an hour. The woman, waiting for him in that darkened chamber, her right hand still hidden in her breast, could see, now, the red glow of the cigar he had not yet flung away, in the black gloom without. Presently, the steps halted below the window, and Morton Devereux, his arms resting on the low sill, peered into the room. "Are you there, Valerie?" he whispered, unable to distinguish her at first.

"I am here!" she answered.

There was a strange tone in her voice, which struck him forcibly as with a sudden chill. He flung away the stump of his cigar, and said impatiently: "Why the deuce have you come without a light? It's as dark as Hades here!"

As he spoke, a vivid flash of lightning shot across the murky sky and lit up her face for one brief moment. Was it fancy, or did that face really wear that look of demoniac vindictiveness it had worn that night at the Opera?

"Don't you hear me?" he asked, half uneasy in spite of his self-confidence, and the Burgundy he had drunk.

"I hear," she said. "But there will be light enough for what we have to do!"

"Get it over then, in the fiend's name! There'll be a storm directly, and I shall get drenched! Have you brought the notes? Of course you have, though—or what am I doing here?"

"Ay!" she said, he fancied almost solemnly, "what *are* you doing here, Morton Devereux? Yes, I have brought you—what I promised should be yours."

"Hand it over, then!"

"There is time enough. I have something to say to you ere you and I can cry quits. Do you remember the night we met at Creil?"

"Of course!" he said impatiently. "What about that?"

"Do you remember what I told you when we parted then? That if you broke faith with me, you should rue it?"

"Yes, you talked some bosh of that sort, I know. You always had a turn for melodrama, Valerie—you were in great force that night, I'll admit! But the time's gone by for playing the trump-card you held then. You can't—at least, for your own sake, you won't—do me any harm with Flora. Whereas, you see, I have no end of a pull on *you*, and like a clever woman, you've admitted it, and come to terms. Now, where are the notes?"

"I told you," she went on, as though he had not spoken—"I told you you should rue it; and you have broken faith with me, like a liar and a coward! You think you have won the game already—that you have a bond-slave in me for all time to come—that, with a word, you can hold me up to ridicule and scorn, and that, perforce, I must obey you? You imagine that I shall consent to lose so easily all I have won so hardly—and, when it shall please you, my master, forsooth, go back to the old life—the old chain? Ah, Morton Devereux, you deceive yourself! What I promised, I will perform. You pledged me your word, and that pledge you have broken. I pledged you mine, and will keep it. Liar—coward—traitor, take your doom!"

Her right hand, as she spoke, leaped swiftly from her bosom—the bare white arm gleamed for a moment in the darkness—the cold rim of a steel pistol-barrel touched Devereux's forehead lightly; then there was a sharp flash, a sharper report; and then a dull, heavy splash into the dark water below. The storm burst forth in long-restrained fury, but the lightning-glare lit up no death-struggle in the bosom of the turgid river—it held its secret close.

* * * * *

"By George! Carrington," said a man, coming into the smoking-room at the Guards' Club next day, "what do you think? Morton Devereux's been and shot himself!"

"The deuce he has!" returned the other. "Where?"

"Down in Hampshire, somewhere. They found his betting-book on him, it seems; and, as he stood to lose a regular fortune on *Barabbas*, they suppose that was the reason."

"*Barabbas!*" said Carrington. "Why, what a fool the man was not to wait! It's all a lie about his breaking down. He's as right as a trivet—I've just had a telegram. Quite ready to give you the odds!"

Important to Travellers.

As there is a great deal of travel on our railroads at this season of the year, we have procured the railroad signals, which will be found interesting to those who travel on the cars or witness the movement of the trains, and the men who operate the roads may desire to know the signals used everywhere on the roads. The signals are given by the whistle, by lanterns, flags and motions of the arms. The signification is:

One whistle—"Down brakes."
Two whistles—"Off brakes."
Three whistles—"Back up."
Continued whistle—"Danger."

A rapid succession of short whistles is the cattle alarm, at which the brakes will always be put down.

A sweeping parting of hands on level of eye is the signal to "go ahead."

A downward motion of one hand, with extended arms, "to stop."

A beckoning motion of one hand, "to back."

A lantern raised and lowered vertically is a signal for "starting;" swung at right angles, or crosswise the track, "to stop;" swung in a circle, "back the train."

A red flag waved upon the track must be regarded as a signal of danger. So with other signals given with energy.

Hoisted at a station is a signal for a train to stop.

Stuck up by the roadside is a signal of danger on the track ahead.

Carried unfurled upon the engine is a warning that another engine or train is on its way.

☞ A quiet family in the country were electrified the other day by the receipt of a telegraphic dispatch from a daughter who was teaching in a distant city. The telegram was passed around and duly admired. The dashing boldness of the chirography came in for its share of praise. The old lady shook her head with an air of gratified pride as she ejaculated, slowly—"Ann Maria allers did write like a man; guess she's been takin' writin' lessons; this here beats her last letter all holler!"

☞ One of our exchanges says a printer, on his death-bed, being desired to be "composed," faintly said, "You mean distributed;" his thoughts wandering, perhaps, among the ***.

Artemus Ward in London.

You'll be glad to learn that I've made a good impression onto the mind of the lan'lord of the Greenlion tavern. He made a speech about me last night. Risin' in the bar he spoke as follers, there bein over 20 individoouls present: "This North American has been a inmate of my 'ouse over two weeks, yit he hasn't made no attempt to scalp any member of my fam'ly. He hasn't broke no cups or sassers, or furnitur of any kind. (*Hear, hear.*) I find I can trust him with lited candles. He eats his wittles with a knive and a fork. Peple of this kind should be encurridged. I purpose 'is 'elth!" (*Loud 'plawses.*)

What could I do but modestly get up and express a fervint hope that the Atlantic Cable would bind the two countries still more closely together? The lan'lord said my speech was full of orig'nality, but his idee was the old stage coach was more safer, and he tho't peple would indore that opinyin in doo time.

I'm gettin' on exceedin' well in London. I see now, however, that I made a mistake in ordrin' my close afore I left home. The trooth is the taler in our little villige owed me for a pig and I didn't see any other way of gettin' my pay. Ten years ago these close would no doubt have been fash'n'ble, and perhaps they would be ekally sim'lar ten years hens. But now they're diff'rently. The taler said he know'd they was all right, because he had a brother in Wales who kept him informed about London fashins reg'lar. This was a infamus falshood. But as the ballud says (which I heard a gen'l'man in a new soot of black close and white kid gloves sing t'other night) Never don't let us Despise a Man because he wears a Raggid Coat! I don't know as we do, by the way, tho' we gen'rally get out of his way pretty rapid; prob'ly on account of the pity which tears our boosums for his unhappy condition.

This last remark is a sirkastic and wither'in thrust at them blotid peple who live in gildid saloons. I tho't I'd explain my meanin' to you. I frekently have to explain the meanin' of my remarks. I know one man—and he's a man of varid 'complishments—who often reads my articles over 20 times afore he can make anything of 'em at all. Our skoolmaster to home says this is a pecoolerarity of generus. My wife says it is a pecoolerarity of infernal nonsense. She's a exceedin practycal woman. I luv her muchly, however, and humor her little ways. It's a reoklis falshood that she henpecks me, and the young men in our naberhood who said to me one evening', as I was misteakin' my diafram with a gentle cocktail at the villige tavun—who said to me in these very langwidge. "Go home, old man, unless you desires to have another teapot throwd at you by B. J.," probly regrets havin said so. I said, "Betsy Jane is my wife's front name, gentle yooth, and I permits no person to stood to her as B. J. outside of the family circle, of which I am it principally myself. Your other observations I scorn and disgust, and I must pollish you off." He was a able-bodied young man, and, removin his coat, he inquired if I wanted to be ground to powder? I said, Yes; if there was a Powder-grindist handy, nothin would 'ford me greater pleasure, when he struck me a painful blow into my right eye, causin me to make a rapid retreat into the fireplace. I hadn't no idee that the enemy was so well organised. But I rallied and went for him, in a raythor vigris stile for my time of life. His parunts lived near by, and I will simply state 15 minits had only elapst after the first act, when he was carrid home on a shutter. His mama met the sollum procession at the door, and after keerfully looking her orfspring over, she said, "My son, I see how it is distinctually. You've been foolin' round a Trashin Masheen. You went in at the place where they put the grain in, cum out with the straw, and you got up into the thingamyjig, and let the hosses tred on you, didn't you, my son?" The pen of no livin Orthur could describe that disfornit young man's sittywation more clearer. But I was sorry for him, and I went and nussed him till he got well. His reg'lar original father being absent to the war, I told him I'd be a father to him myself. He smilt a sickly smile, and said I'd already been wuss than two fathers to him.

I will here obsarve that fitin orter be allus avided, except in extreem cases. My principle is, if a man smites me on the right cheek I'll turn my left to him, prob'ly; but if he insinoo-ates that my gran'mother wasn't all right, I'll punch his head. But fitin is mis'ble bisness, gen'rally speakin, and whenever any enterprisin countryman of mine comes over here to scoop up a Briton in the prize ring I'm allus excessively tickled when he gets scooped himself, which it is a sad fack has thus far been the case—my only sorrer bein' that t'other feller wasn't scooped likewise. It's diff'rently with scullin boats, which is a manly sport, and I can only explain Mr. Hamil's resunt defeat in this country on the grounds that he wasn't used to British water. I hope this explanation will be entirely satisfact'ry to all.

As I remarked afore, I'm gettin' on well. I'm aware that I'm in the great metrop'lis of the world, and it doesn't make me onhappy to admit the fack. A man is a ass who dispoots it. That's all that ails *him*. I know there is sum peple who cum over here and snap and snarl 'bout this and that: I know one man who says it is a shame and a disgrace that St. Paul's Church isn't a older edifice; he says it should be years and even ages older than it is; but I decline to hold myself responsible for the conduck of this idyit simply because he is my countryman. I spose every civ'lised land is endowed with its full share of gibberin' idyits, and it can't be helpt—leastways I can think of any effectooal plan of helpin' it.

I'm a little sorry you've got politics over here, but I shall not diskuss 'em with nobody. Tear me to peaces with wild omnibus hosses, and I won't diskuss 'em. I've had quite enuff of 'em at home, thank you. I was at Birmingham t'other night, and went to the great meetin' for a few minits. I hadn't been in the hall long when a stern lookin' artizan said to me,

"You ar from Wales?"

No, I told him I didn't think I was. A hidgyis tho't flasht over me. It was of that unprincipled taler, and I said, "Has my clothin' a Welchy appearance?"

"Not by no means," he answered, and then he said, "And what is your opinyin of the present crisis?"

I said, "I don't exckly know. Have you got it very bad?"

He replied, "Sir, it is sweepin' over England like a Cymoon of the Desert!"

"Wall," I said, "let it sweep!"

He ceased me by the arm and said, "Let us glance at hist'ry. It is now some two thousand years—"

"Is it, indeed?" I replied.

"Listin!" he fiercely cried; "it is only a little over two thousand years since—"

"Oh, bother!" I remarkt, "let us go out and git some beer."

"No, sir. I want no gross and sensual beer. I'll not move from this spot till I can vote. Who ar you?"

I handed him my card, which, in addition to my name, contains a elabrit description of my show. "Now, sir," I proudly said, "you know me?"

"I sollumly swear," he sternly replied, "that I never heard of you, or your show, in my life!"

"And this man," I cried bitterly, "calls hisself a intelligent man, and thinks he orter be allowed to vote! What a holler mockery!"

I've no objection to ev'ry intelligent man votin' if he wants to. It's a pleasant amoosement, no doubt; but there is those whose ignrance is so dense and loathsum that they shouldn't be trusted with a ballit any more'n one of my trained serpunts should be trusted with a child to play with.

I went to the station with a view of returnin' to town on the cars. "This way, Sir," said the guard; "here you ar," and he pinted to a first-class carrige, the sole ockepant of which was a raythor perpossessin' female of about 30 summers.

"No, I thank you," I ernestly replied, "I prefer to walk."

I am, dear Sir,
Very respectivly youre,
ARTEMUS WARD.

The Health of American Women.

The Cincinnati Times has recently compiled some curious statistics concerning the health of American women, between twenty and forty years of age. A table is given, founded upon the returns of burials of males and females, between these ages, in forty-five cemeteries, situated in Ohio, Illinois and Michigan, the places of burial having been selected with due regard to their *representative character*. The figures from this table are—"males, 806; of females, 1,289"—showing that, at least in the West, fifty per cent. more women than men die between the ages of twenty and forty. The Times makes still further deductions as follows:—"1. That, in the oldest yards of the country, in which the first settlers buried their dead, the number of the sexes who died between twenty and forty years of age, were the most nearly equal—in many cases the males out-numbering the females, while, in the new yards, at the same places, the females greatly out-number the males. 2. That, in private or select yards, where the upper classes bury exclusively, the number of female dead, during this period of life, is very greatly in excess of the males. 3. That, in yards where the foreigners chiefly bury their dead, the males usually exceed the females, between those ages."

A Curiosity.

One of the most curious instruments of late years is a little wooden barometer invented by a Mexican guitar maker, a few years since. It consists only of a strip of cedar, very thin, about two and a half feet in length, about an inch wide, cut with the grain, set in a block or fort. This cedar strip is backed or lined with one of white pine cut across the grain, and the two are tightly glued together. To bend these when dry is to map them, but on the approach of bad weather the cedar curls over until at times it touches the ground.

It is said this simple instrument will indicate the coming of a "norther" full twenty-four hours before any other kind of barometer known on the coast. The philosophy of the thing seems to be that the pine dries and contracts under the influence of fair weather, and curls over on its side; while in foul weather, swelling and expanding, its motion is towards the other side, the cedar yielding to the pressure, because cut with the grain, and is not susceptible to the influence of dryness or humidity of atmosphere.

A REAL TRAGEDY.—From Dieppe a grisly tragedy is reported:

An entertainment was advertised with the enticing title of "Lucifer in the Jaws of Hell," and a huge crowd rushed to the Casino to see the performance. At the appointed time a great pile of wood, saturated with turpentine, was lighted, and the performer, clad in a fantastic fire-proof suit, and holding a huge fork in his hand, walked through the flames, stirring up the wood as he went. Encouraged by the applause of the spectators he entered the second time, but the wind having arisen, and the wood having begun to flame higher than before, he lost his way, and wandered aimlessly backwards and forwards. The firemen, seeing his condition, exerted themselves to save him, and in a few minutes he was withdrawn. He was taken to the hospital, but before he arrived there death had supervened.

BRIEF BUT BRILLIANT.—It is said two young men of New York, who had wealthy parents, concluded to try their hand at business, having become tired of doing nothing. The parents approved and gave them twenty thousand dollars, with which they took an office and became stock brokers and speculators. In two weeks they dissolved business, having lost their capital and a few hundred over. As they paid the rent of their office for three months, they meet there regularly and talk over their business career, which was brief and brilliant. The fond parents are delighted that they did not give them twice as much, as was first proposed.

A WATERFALL ON FIRE.—A young lady riding in a car on the Susquehanna Railroad, was suddenly assaulted very violently the other day by an old lady in the seat behind her, who tore the "waterfall" from the young lady's head, threw it on the floor, and commenced stamping on it. The young lady was at first disposed to resent this treatment, but it was soon explained to her that her waterfall was on fire when the old lady seized it. She was sitting by the open window, and a spark from the locomotive had lighted in her back hair, and would soon have lighted it up had not assistance been thus promptly rendered.

☞ An Italian, arrested for murder in New Orleans, wore a finger ring with a snap claw, which was filled with deadly poison. A scratch from it, it is said, would cause death in three hours.

☞ Men are generally deserted in adversity. When the sun sets, our very shadows refuse to follow us.

☞ The grasshoppers on the Western plains average one hundred to every square foot.

Youatt's Cure for Hydrophobia.

A celebrated London physician, in a letter to a professional friend at Leeds, says: "Every year produces an infallible nostrum for hydrophobia. The malady, nevertheless, exists in all its unknown mystery and terror. Except that it is believed to be purely a disease of the nervous system, nothing is known of the virus or its laws of propagation; so I have long dismissed keeping a list of remedies for the developed disease. Yet you will be astonished if I add that I believe it never, or almost never, need be taken from the maddest of dogs. About twenty-five years ago, more or less, I was sent for to see the present Lord L——, then a fine, healthy lad, who, it was said, had been licked, not only over the lips, but within the mouth, by a little terrier, which was found sitting on the sleeping lad's chest and dipping his tongue into his master's open mouth. The demeanor of the dog alarmed the late Lord L——, and I was called in to ascertain the fact of the dog being or not being mad.

"Now, on this point I did not consider myself any authority, and so sent for Sir Benjamin Brodie, who, though agreeing with me as to the probable madness of the dog, nevertheless desired that the late Mr. Youatt, veterinary surgeon, and a most remarkable man, should be appealed to. He at once pronounced the dog as laboring under hydrophobia, and, turning to me, added, 'If you will come to me in five days at our dog hospital, we can dissect the animal.' I did so, and found the dog dead, and Youatt busy in opening the carcass. I naturally was shy in touching the animal, and asked if he were not afraid. 'No,' he answered, 'I have repeatedly been bitten by most undoubted pellenis, (there were several in the cribs there then, which I saw alive,) and I never have any fear.' I asked him how often he had been bitten. He told me eight times, and then he called his assistant porter and asked him how often he had been bitten. He, I think, owned to at least eight, and I believe ten, undoubted introductions of the virus; and be it remembered, that the attacks or bites were all on the hands of these men—so that the virus could not be wiped off by any intervening garment.

"Youatt then told me that his remedy was to allow the common nitrate of silver, easily procured, to filter into the wound; it decomposes the saliva, and in doing this destroys the virus. Whenever I am bitten I have a remedy sure and at hand, and no fear of the disease supervening. The actual cautery, the caustic potass, and excision, are in my opinion unsafe, and liable to fail. The nitrate of silver chases the poison into the very capillaries and neutralizes it. Since I have known this I always use it to any bite of dog, sound or not, and am at rest. The above was stated in some blue book about thirty years ago by Youatt, Brodie and I acted on it, and made poor young Lord L——'s lips, palate and throat as black as that of a thoroughbred mad terrier; and he, if you ever see him, will tell you this tale.

"The poison of hydrophobia remains latent on an average six weeks; the part heals over, but there is a pimple or wound, more or less irritable, it then becomes painful, and the germ, whatever it is, ripe for dissemination into the system, and then all hope is gone. Nevertheless, between the time of the bite and the activity of the wound previous to dissemination, the caustic of nitrate of silver is a sure preventive; after that it is as useless as all the other means. The best mode of application of the nitrate of silver, is by introducing it solidly into the wound. It melts in an equal quantity of water. If already healed, cicatrix should be rubbed and cauticated entirely away."

Abuse of Perambulators.

The London *Lancet*, one of the ablest of the European medical journals says:—

"Greatly as mothers and nurses may venerate the name of the inventor of these machines, we seriously doubt whether the health of children, whose physical powers are thus, as it were, gymnastically weaned, is not frequently impaired by the too general and injudicious use of infant perambulators. It is undoubtedly far more convenient for the mother or nurse to propel a helpless child before her than to toil with it during the daily walk or subdue her pace to accord with its first feeble steps. But the change cannot always be pleasant to the infant, nor beneficial to its health. There is lost that sustained warmth of the mother's body, for which no artificial heat is an efficient substitute. Children are far too frequently taken out airing in perambulators on cold, windy, or gloomy days, when their inactive and unprotected position renders them peculiarly liable to suffer from the effects of exposure. Every one must have observed such unfortunate little victims driven along our streets, lolling their heads in hopeless resignation, after the manner of calves in a butcher's cart, whilst their blue cheeks and watery eyes, and pinched faces, give presage of the impending catarrh, bronchitis, or pneumonia, the true cause of which the hastily-summoned doctor will scarcely fail to comprehend when he notices the perambulator in the hall. Moreover, these conveyances are often unnecessarily used for children fully able to walk, and who should be taught thus to exercise their limbs. It is, however, less trouble to the nurse to propel a great chubby two-year-old child in its go-cart, than to guide and assist its early attempts at independent toddling. Now that the employment of perambulators has become so general, we think it advisable to call attention to the evils that may arise from their injudicious use, and to point how injurious they are to the health and lives of young children. For as

A pebble in the streamlet scant
Hath turned the course of many a river,
A dewdrop on the baby plant
Has warped the giant oak for ever.

So a very little want of care in the training of a child will suffice to shorten the span of brief existence, or injudiciously influence the whole of its future life."

☞ The Worcester (Mass.) Gazette says a gentleman, on his annual tour to the White Mountains a year ago, discovered rocks containing gold near Lisbon, N. H. He took specimens to Boston, had them assayed, found them rich in the precious metal, and formed a company of Hartford and Springfield merchants, which purchased the property in which the ore was found. The stock, worth a year ago $5 a share, now sells for $5,000. Some of the quartz yields $867 of gold per ton, and $150 of silver.

☞ A woman was terribly scalded in Detroit last week by the explosion of a can of sealed tomatoes, which she had carelessly placed on the stove.

MISCHIEF MAKERS.

Oh, could there in this world be found
Some little spot of happy ground
Where village pleasures might go round
Without the village tattling,
How doubly blessed that place would be
Where all might dwell in liberty,
Free from the bitter misery
Of gossips endless prattling!

If such a spot were really known,
Dame Peace might claim it as her own,
And in it she might fix her throne
Forever and forever;
There, like a queen might reign and live
Where every one would soon forgive
The little slights they might receive,
And be offended never.

The mischief makers that remove
Far from our hearts the warmth of love,
And lead us all to disapprove
What gives another pleasure;
They seem to take one's part, but when
They've heard our case, unkindly then
They soon retail them all again,
Mixed with poisonous measure.

And then they have such a cunning way
Of telling tales. They softly say,
"Don't mention what I say, I pray;
I would not tell another."
Straight to your neighbor's house they go,
Narrating every thing they know,
And break the peace of high and low—
Wife, husband, friend, and brother.

Oh! that the mischief making crew
Were all reduced to one or two,
And they were painted red or blue,
That every one might know them;
Then would the village soon forget
To rage and quarrel, fume and fret,
And fall into an angry pet,
With things too much below them.

For it's a sad degrading part,
To make another's bosom smart,
And plant a dagger in the heart,
We ought to love and cherish;
Then let us evermore be found
In quietness with all around,
While friendship, peace, and joy abound,
And angry feelings perish.

Improvements in Arms.

The French Emperor, always anxious to increase the power of his army, is preparing to arm one hundred regiments with the Chassepot breech-loader, a weapon which is said to be as much superior to the Prussian needle-gun as the latter is to the Minie rifle. He is also having prepared a species of bullet-proof armor, the secret of the construction of which he has purchased from a needy young Italian. It is a flexible metal shirt, weighing but 4½ pounds, which is put on by the soldier and protects his entire body. A plan is also being considered by the Emperor of having the front rank of his advancing columns to carry huge bucklers when in action, so that the men behind them, whilst protected from the enemy's bullets, can fire over the heads of their kneeling comrades through loopholes in the bucklers. Public attention is so generally turned to providing some secure protection for soldiers against the improved weapon of the present day, that the problem will probably soon be successfully solved.

Vinegar Curative.

A useful and simple method of preventing the ravages of insects upon trees has been suggested by the Imperial Society of Horticulture of the Rhone. It seems that most of the *insects which infest plants have a horror of vinegar*, and this latter is the substance which is recommended to be employed. The mixture to be used consists of one part of French vinegar to nine parts of water. When the liquids have been well mixed, the solution is to be sprinkled over the flower-beds by means of a garden syringe or a watering-pot with a fine nose. In order to protect shrubs from the attacks of ants, etc., *a small quantity of viscid, partially evaporated lamp oil* is to be painted round the stems, at a height of a few inches above the soil. It is alleged by M. Denis, the director of the School of Arboriculture of Lyons, that the results of last year's experiments were that the *trees sprinkled with the vinegar solution bore fruit abundantly*, while those not so treated produced scarcely any.

☞ Dr. D. F. Scranton, of Attica, has succeeded in raising a fine sample of that celebrated oriental fruit, the date. It was raised and ripened by ordinary out-door culture on his premises in Attica. It is juicy and luscious; in size, between the plum and the peach; and its time of ripening and hardy habit with him, indicate that it may be successfully raised in this climate.

☞ Old writers, quoted by Thoreau, in his "Yankee in Canada," says the name of that country "comes from Monsieur Cane, a French Lord, who first planted a colony of French in America." The origin of the name of Quebec is also given as *Que bec*—"What a beak!"—the exclamation of Jacques Cartier's pilot, when he first saw the Cape on which the city is built.

☞ A young woman being asked by a boring politician which party she was most in favor of, replied that she preferred a wedding party.

☞ A young officer in the British House of Commons wore a tremendous pair of moustaches, on which one of the members said, "My dear fellow, now the war is over, why don't you put your moustaches on the peace establishment?" "Had you not better put your tongue on the civil list?" was the prompt and haughty retort.

☞ IMPROVEMENT IN PIANOS.—A pianoforte has been constructed in Paris, having the strings replaced by tuning forks. The new instrument has great power and sweetness.

☞ A boy fell into the river at Toronto, last Thursday, and after being twelve minutes under water, was revived by the vigorous application of restoratives.

☞ Jenny Lind contradicts the report of her domestic infelicities. She assures her friends that Mr. Goldsmidt is a good husband and father.

☞ A Salt Lake paper, noticing the death of a Mormon bishop, says: "He was 87 years old, and leaves an interesting family of eleven wives and forty-seven children to mourn his death."

☞ ECCENTRIC.—An eccentric Englishman, just dead, left a large sum of money, the interest of which is to be given quinquennially to five young maidens who are to dance round his monument.

Sound and Colors.

A Divine arranger must have spread out the thin filmy curtain of the sky, like that thin film of water, the blue soap-bubble, which, like the atmosphere, reflects and decomposes the light reflected on its surface. As with light, so also the atmosphere is the conductor of sound. Prof. Cooke says:—

"Every one who has dropped a stone in the water of a still lake has noticed the system of waves which, with its ever increasing circles, spreads in every direction from the stone; but all may not know that when two stones are struck together in the air a similar system of aerial waves spread, in every widening spheres, through the atmosphere, and that it is these waves breaking on the tympanum of our ears, like the waves of water on a sand-beach, which produce the sensation we call sound. Two stones thus struck together give rise to waves of unequal size, following one another at irregular intervals; and such waves produce an unpleasant sensation on our auditory nerves which we call noise. But if, instead of striking together two stones, we set in vibration the string of a piano-forte or the reed of an organ-pipe, we excite a system of waves, all of an equal size, and succeeding one another with perfect regularity, and these breaking on the ear produce by their regular beats what we call a musical note. If the waves follow one another with such rapidity that one hundred and twenty-eight break on the tympanum every second, the note has a fixed pitch, called in music C natural. If the waves come faster than this the pitch is higher, and if less rapidly the pitch is lower. What you are all familiar with as the pitch of a musical note depends, then, on the rapidity with which the waves of sound strike the ear, and may evidently be measured by the number of waves breaking on the tympanum in a second."

Science demonstrates that the difference between colors is of precisely the same kind as the difference between tones. Red, yellow, green, blue, &c., are names we give to sensations caused by waves of either breaking at regular intervals on the retina, and color corresponds to pitch, and at every step, as the whole scale of colors spreads out before us, the analogy of light to sound becomes still more evident. And thus wonderful are the forces the atmosphere holds and the varieties of arrangement it displays, it modifies and diffuses heat, while it holds and dispenses the mysterious and astonishing agencies of electricity, just as the electrical machine is constantly rubbing together glass and silk, just as if we rub a stick of sealing wax or a glass tube with a warm silk handkerchief, so the air is always rubbing over the face of the earth with greater or less rapidity.

Nature seems to be a great electrical machine. As man guards his roof from the destructive action of lightning—dashing to the earth, crashing, rending, and burning on its way—by erecting the lightning-rod, whose bristling points quietly drain the clouds, or failing to do this receive the charge and bear it harmlessly to the earth, so God has a harmless conductor in every pointed leaf, every twig, every blade of grass. It is said that a common blade of grass pointed with nature's exquisite workmanship is three times as effectual as the finest cambric needle, and a single twig is far more efficient than the metallic points of the best constructed rod. What then must be the agency of a single forest in disarming the forces of the storms of their terrors—while the same Almighty hand has made rain-drops and snow-flakes to be conductors, bridges for lightning in the clouds, alike, it seems, proclaiming the mercy and majesty of the Almighty hand!—*Eclectic Review.*

THE DIGNITY OF THE PROFESSION.—Two persons charged with burglary were arraigned at a Philadelphia court. A professional thief, seeing that they were friendless, gave a prominent lawyer twenty five dollars to defend them. The lawyer presently reported to him that the two men were charged with stealing five pounds of butter and several quarts of milk, when the "professional" gentleman flew into a great passion and said to the lawyer, "Let the fellows go up. If they stoop to stealing butter and milk they deserve all the judge can give them. Keep the twenty-five dollars and go to the judge and tell him to give them another year."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market has been moderately active; sales comprise 12,000 bbls, in lots, mostly to the retailers and bakers, at prices ranging from $7,75@9 for superfine; $9@11 for extra, the latter rate for fresh ground from new wheat; $12@13 for Northwest family, the latter rate for fancy; $12,50@14,50 for Penna and Ohio family, and $15@16,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour is selling at $6@6,50 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat continues scarce. About 10,000 bus fair to prime Penna red sold at from $2,70@2,85; 9000 bus good to prime southern do at $2,90@3; 2000 bus No 2 spring Wheat at $2,50; 4000 bus amber at $2,95@3, and small lots of white at from $3,10@3,25 ₩ bus, as to quality. Rye; 3000 bus Western sold at $1,10@1,15, and small lots of Penna at $1,15@1,16 ₩ bus. Corn; sales of 5000 bus Western mixed at 90c@$1, and 6000 bus prime yellow at 98c@$1 ₩ bus. Oats; 20,000 bus sold at 53@54c, from store at 51c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull. Small sales are making at 23½c ₩ lb for new Mess Pork; 21@20c ₩ lb for plain and fancy canvassed Bacon Hams; 19½@20c for Pickled do; 15c for salt Shoulders; 19@20c for prime Lard in bbls and tcs, and 21@22c ₩ lb for Butter, as to quality. Cheese—Small sales at 17@19c. Eggs sell at 29@31c ₩ doz.

COTTON—There has been a fair business doing. About 1200 bales of Middlings sold in lots at from 36@37c for Uplands and 38@39c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—First No 1 Quercitron is quoted at $35 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Small sales of yellow are reported at 39@40c ₩ lb.

COAL continues dull; sales are reported at $5,25@5,50 for White Ash, and $5,50@6 ₩ ton for Red Ash, as to quality.

FEATHERS—Sales of good Western are making at 80c, and choice at 87@90c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples—Sales are making freely at $2@3 ₩ bbl. Dried Apples are plenty; sales are making at 9@11c ₩ lb.

HOPS—Small sales of common to choice quality have been reported at 35@45c, as to quality.

PLASTER—A cargo of soft sold at $4,75 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is scarce. Small sales are making at 7½@8 ₩ 64lbs. Timothy—600 bus sold at $3,50@4,25 ₩ bus. Flaxseed—1000 bus sold at $3,40@3,45 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—New England Rum ranges at from $2,52@2,53 ₩ gallon. Whiskey—250 bbls sold, in lots, at $2,39@2,39 for Penna, and $2 42 for Ohio.

TALLOW—Small sales are making at 12½c for city rendered, and 11½c ₩ lb for country.

WOOL—The market continues very dull. About 120,000 lbs sold, ranging from 62@65c for extra; 60@63c for fine; 55@60c for medium; 50@55c for coarse; 55@58c for tub washed, and 40@50c ₩ lb for western pulled, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2600 head. The prices realized from 16@17 cts ₩ lb. 200 Cows brought from $50 to 90 ₩ head. Sheep—5000 head were disposed of at from 6@6½ cts ₩ lb. 2000 Hogs sold at from $14,00@15,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

☞ At Lyons a process has been adopted for photographing upon silk, linen, and other articles, and many persons have their portraits upon their linen instead of having it marked with their names or initials. In the silk shop various articles are exhibited photographed with names and fanciful devices. The articles are not injured by washing, and the process is easily and rapidly effected.—*French Correspondent.*

FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Read the following remarkable cure:

PHILADELPHIA, June 28, 1866.

To Seth S. Hance, Baltimore, Md.

DEAR SIR:—Seeing your advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with epilepsy in July, 1863. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, was cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits in a day, at about intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep and would fall wherever I would be or whatever I would be occupied with, and was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1865, I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The last one was on 5th of April, 1865, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence, your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, so that persons who are similarly afflicted may have the benefit of them. Any persons wishing any information, will obtain it by calling at my residence, 636 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WM. ELORA.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 106 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $27. sep22-eow10t

SUMMER COMPLAINT AND DYSENTERY.

Bowel complaints seem just now to be the prevailing ailment, and any medicine that is everywhere acceptable, and that is reliable is a very desirable acquisition. From what we have seen, heard, and experienced, we believe Davis' PAIN KILLER is this desideratum. For the best method of using it, we quote from Perry Davis' pamphlet of directions:

"For common bowel complaints give one teaspoonful in a gill of new milk and molasses, in equal parts stirred well together; lessen the dose for children according to the age. If the pain be severe, bathe the bowels and back with the medicine. This mode of treatment is good in cases of the cholera morbus, sudden stoppages, &c. Repeat the dose every hour.

"The quickest way I ever saw a dysentery cured was by taking one teaspoonful of the Pain Killer in one gill of milk and molasses stirred well together and drank hot, at the same time bathing the bowels freely with the medicine. Let the dose be repeated every hour, until the patient is relieved."

If every soldier and every other person who has reason to fear this disease, would provide themselves with a bottle of this medicine, and use as occasion required, we believe a great amount of suffering and sickness would be saved, as well in the tented field as the domestic home circle. sept29-tf

MOTH AND FRECKLES.

Ladies afflicted with Discolorations on the Face, called moth patches, or freckles, should use PERRY'S Celebrated MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all druggists, and by Dr. Perry, 49 Bond St. Price $2. jel6-6m

If you must take medicines then take AYER'S which are by far the most effectual remedies to be had anywhere. sep29-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th of Sept., at the Parsonage of the Williamstown Baptist Church, by the Rev. Jos. L. Sagebeer, Lieut. ABIAH T. SMEDLEY, of Williamstown, Chester county, Pa., to Miss MARY, eldest daughter of Benj. Rogers, of Radnor, Delaware county, Pa.

On the 20th of Sept., by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. THOMAS RICHARDSON to Miss SARAH E. HOWE.

On the 20th of Sept. by the Rev. Thomas Murphy, Mr. FREDERIC T. FREEAR to Miss MAGGIE RIDDLE, both of Frankford.

On the 16th of Sept., by the Rev. M. R. Watkinson, Mr. J. EDWIN NEWTON to Miss MARIA K. WALLACE, both of Camden, N. J.

On the 12th of Sept., by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. JOSEPH F. YOUNG to Miss LIZZIE F. RIGGINS, both of this city.

On the 17th of Sept., by the Rev. P. S. Henson, Mr. GEORGE W. HENDERSON to Miss EMMA C. LAWRENCE, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th of Sept., ELIZABETH, wife of Daniel Yerger, in her 78th year.

On the 24th of Sept., MARY E. STEWART, in her 24th year.

On the 23d of Sept., Mrs. ELIZABETH B. PARE, in her 47th year.

On the 23d of Sept., JANE S. JOHNSON, in her 73d year.

On the 23d of Sept., ROBERT SHAW, in his 61st year.

On the 22d of Sept., CATHARINE HARDMAN, aged 51 years.

On the 22d of Sept., THOMAS F. GRAHAM, in his 23d year.

On the 21st of Sept., Mr. GEORGE SPENCE, in his 67th year.

On the 21st of Sept., FREDERICK SECK, in his 65th year.

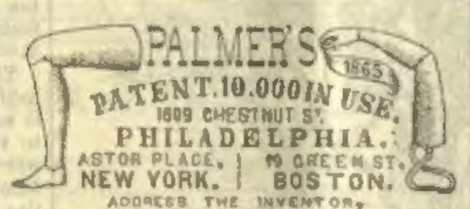
The Latest and Best Church Music

Is to be found in "THE JUBILATE," the New Collection by L. O. Emerson, whose "*Harp of Judah*" was seen in every choir, convention and school last year. The present volume is an improvement on the previous one, and having an immense sale. An examination is respectfully solicited from every person interested in vocal culture. Price $1.38. Sent, post-free. Sold by all Music Dealers.

OLIVER DITSON & Co., Publishers,
277 Washington St., Boston.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

"Harvest Time,"—the harvest time of life, as well as of the season—is the appropriate steel engraving of the August number of this beautiful periodical. The double and finely colored steel fashion plate is a gem, as usual. Then we have the usual number of wood-cuts illustrating the "Street Arabs," and the latest fashions in dresses, bonnets, hats, &c. The music is the song of "Childhood and Home." Among the literary contributions, we note "One Summer's Romance," by Clara Augusta; "The Banshee," by Mrs. Hosmer; "The Disputed Patrimony," by Aubert Forestier; "The Distressed Bachelor," (concluded,) by Mrs. Oliphant; Novelties, Receipts, Fashions, &c. Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 3 copies (and one *gratis*) $6. Specimen numbers will be sent for 15 cents. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.



These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct23-1y

WANTED—AGENTS, WHO CAN MAKE $15 to $20 per day selling Lloyd's Map of North America, or the "United States Continent in 1900." Colored in 47 separate States and Territories, and over 2,000 counties. This great triple map is at last completed, after four years' labor in making it, representing North and South America and the United States, on nearly forty square feet of map surface, in the highest style of the art of steel engraving.

This mammoth Map shows 1,000,000 places, 500 railways, and 60,000 railway stations, 800,000 towns, cities, villages, post-offices, and ranches, and 20,000 stations on the Overland, Despatch, Mail, Telegraph, and Emigrant routes across the Plains and Rocky Mountains.

To insure this Map being hung up in every house throughout the civilized world, we have engraved a large separate Map of the United States portion of the continent, on a scale eight times as large as the main Map, and colored it in distinct counties, and printed it on the reverse side, so by raising the bottom roller the county map faces you, showing every minute village, railway station and county seat.

The whole double Map for $2 50. Order a sample and see the Map first. Printed instructions furnished to agents, male or female. Address American Map Publisher, Philadelphia; Post-office box, 2417. sep29-1t

WHEELER & WILSON'S

HIGHEST PREMIUM

LOCK STITCH

SEWING MACHINES,

No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	64

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	84
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,
319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 *times*, *mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1 00. Address P. P. BOWEN, dec17-tf Box 2226, Boston, Mass.

$1500 PER YEAR, paid by SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me., or Chicago, Ill. sep8-3m

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

FIRST PREMIUM

IMPROVED

$5 SEWING MACHINE! $5

THE EMBODIMENT OF PRACTICAL UTILITY AND EXTREME SIMPLICITY

Originally patented May 12th, 1862; Improvement patented June 9th, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CRIMPING attachment, a most Wonderful and Elegantly Constructed Novelty; is NOISELESS in operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, and *works horizontal*, sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS. Makes the RUNNING-STITCH more perfect and regular than by hand, and with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN STITCHES to each evolution of the Wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP BRAIDING, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has taken the PREMIUM at STATE FAIRS, and received the approval of all the principal journals and of those who have USED it. It is the ONLY low priced sewing machine that has received a PREMIUM, or that is PATENTED.

"For the Dressmaker it is invaluable, for the Household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*

"With single or double thread, it silently, yet very rapidly, makes the stitch exactly like hand sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted everywhere. Circular, containing Liberal Inducements, sent Free. Address all orders,

FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE CO.,
oct 6-3m Office, 199 Nassau St., New York.

PERFECTION

Is rarely attained, yet

A. B. W. BULLARD'S

IMPROVED OIL SOAP,

FOR REMOVING

GREASE, PAINT, PITCH, & VARNISH

From all Goods of Durable Colors, is ahead of anything yet discovered.

It leaves the Goods soft, and as perfect as when new, with no spot upon which dust can collect, as is the case with all the preparations heretofore sold for cleansing goods.

It is Delicately Perfumed,

and entirely free from the disagreeable odor of Benzine and all other resinous fluids.

COUNTERFEITS

of this preparation are extant, *therefore be sure and take* none but that which has the autograph of A. B. W. BULLARD on the label.

Manufactured by the Proprietors,
A. B. W. BULLARD & CO.,
WORCESTER, MASS.

General Agents,
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.

☞ For sale by all Druggists.
aug4-3m

DR. GEORGE W. FREED,

ELECTRICAL PHYSICIAN.

Electricity, a sovereign remedy for the relief of suffering humanity, is now demonstrated by great discoveries in Electrical science as applied in the treatment of disease, by Dr. Freed, having effected many of the most wonderful cures on record, as the living witnesses can testify, by means of this mysterious, ever-present and all-pervading vital element, which can now be directed to any part of the body, thereby removing obstructions that have resisted all other methods of treatment, restoring the electrical action of the laws of life and health of the human system, as is scientifically applied by the advantage of Dr. Freed's Patent Improved Portable Combined Galvanic and Electro-Magnetic Battery for treatment (*which is mild and gentle*) in all the varied forms of disease. Its crowning excellence whispers words of consolation and hope to the afflicted, and opens the way for relief. Call and have your case examined. Consultation free. Students instructed. Send for circular of cures effected with references. All letters addressed to

DR. G. W. FREED,
jy21-3m 1342 North 13th St., Philadelphia.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.

BEST STRENGTHENING PLASTER IN THE WORLD.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS resolve and assuage pain by calling forth the acrid humors from parts internal to the skin and general circulation—thus, in many cases, positively evaporating the disease. JAMES LULL, M. D

There is nothing equal, in the way of a plaster, to the Porous Plaster of Mr. ALLCOCK. Everything is pleasant about them. They are the plaster of the day, and a fit type of our present advancement in science and art. In Asthma, Cough, Kidney Affections, Gout, Rheumatism, and local deep-seated pains, they afford permanent relief.

J. F. JOHNSON, M. D., on "Topical Remedies."

From a personal knowledge of these plasters, we can state that they are decidedly preferable to any other in use. Wherever relief is to be obtained by the use of a plaster, we should recommend them.

A. INGRAHAM, M. D., Editor *New York Master.*

Agency, Brandreth House, New York.

Sold by Druggists. oct6-2teow

☞Freckles, Tan and Pimples,

REMOVED at once, by the use of "UPHAM'S Freckle, Tan and Pimple Banisher." Price, 50 Cents. Mailed to any address for 75 Cents, by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia. Sold by all Druggists. aug11-3m

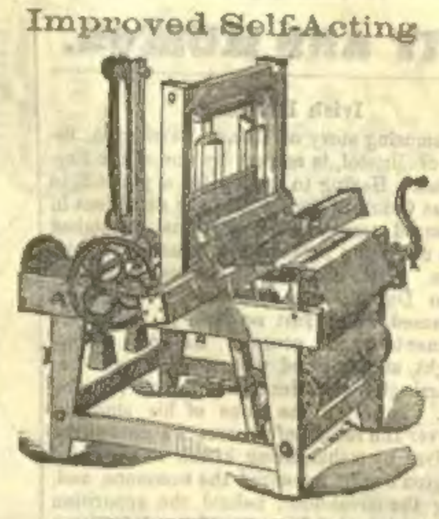
WHISKERS.

DR. LAMONTE'S CORROLIA will force Whiskers or Mustaches on the smoothest face or chin never known to fail. Sample for trial sent free. Address, REEVES & CO., sept1-3m No. 78 Nassau St., New York.

WHISKERS.—A HEAVY BEARD is guaranteed in five weeks to all who use Russell's ITALIAN COMPOUND. Price, by mail, 50 cents. RUSSELL & CO., Drawer 226, Watertown, N. Y. sept1-3m

MENDENHALL'S

Improved Self-Acting



HAND LOOM

Possesses superior advantages over all other Hand Looms. And in these days of high-priced goods every family should have one.

HALF THE COST

of clothing a family can be saved by its use. It is simple and durable, easy understood and easy to operate. No skill is required to weave with it beyond the simple turning of an easy crank.

A boy or girl thirteen years old can operate it. From 15 to 35 yards can be woven with it in a day.

FARMERS,

Don't sell your "fine wools" and buy shoddy cloth, when with one of these Looms in your house you can make all your own goods, and much better quality, at half the price you pay for shoddy.

For circulars, price list and samples of cloth woven on the Loom, address with stamp,

A. B. GATES & CO.,
333 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Also, dealers in Reeds, Harness, Shuttles, Cotton Warps, Wool and Cotton Yarns, &c., &c. sep29-3t

R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA,
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no8-eowly

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway, running to and from the Depot. The last car leaves Front Street about 30 minutes prior to the departure of each Train.

ON SUNDAYS—Cars leave Eleventh and Market Streets 45 minutes before departure of each Train.

MANN'S BAGGAGE EXPRESS will call for and deliver Baggage at the Depot. Orders left at the Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	at 8.00	A.M.
DAY EXPRESS	" 10.00	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No 1	" 11 00	"
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS¶	" 12.00	M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 2.30	P.M.
LANCASTER ACCOM.	" 4.00	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No 2	" 5.00	"
PITTSBURG & ERIE MAIL*¶	" 9 00	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 3	" 10.00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS†	" 11.10	"

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS†	at 12 40	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS‡	" 7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 1	" 8.20	"
COLUMBIA TRAIN	" 9.00	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	" 12 40	P.M.
FAST LINE	" 1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 2	" 4.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	" 5.50	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 3	" 7.30	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 9.50	"

*Daily, except Saturday. †Daily. ‡Daily, except Monday. All other Trains daily, except Sunday.

¶Running through from Philadelphia to Pittsburg and Erie without change of cars.

SUNDAY ACCOMMODATION TRAINS for PAOLI and intermediate stations leave Philadelphia at 9.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M., returning leave Paoli at 6.50 A. M. and 4.30 P. M.

A TICKET OFFICE

Is located at No 631 Chestnut Street, where Tickets to all important points may be procured, and full information given by JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent.

Also at 31st and Market Streets, on application to THOMAS H. PARKE, Ticket Agent at the Depot.

An Emigrant Train runs daily (except Sunday). For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK,
No. 137 Dock Street.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract. ap7-9m

BLACK AS A CROW,

a few years since, was many a splendid head that is now grey or grizzled. Why not restore to the yet unwrinkled brow its raven honors? Five minutes effects the splendid transformation. In less time than a rifleman would take to

Load and Fire

three times, the greyest head may be made darker than the

RAVEN'S WING.

No matter of what undesirable tint the hair or whiskers or beard may be, the change to a superb and perfectly natural black or brown is accomplished by one application of

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,

without staining the skin or injuring the filaments.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.

Sold by Druggists. Applied by all Hair Dressers. oct6-2teow

$150 A MONTH! NEW BUSINESS FOR AGENTS. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me. sep8-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

Irish Drollery.

An amusing story of Daines Barrington, Recorder of Bristol, is related by one of the English press. Having to appear for a plaintiff, in a case at Clonmell, he let into the defendant in unmeasured terms. The individual inveighed against not being present, only heard of the invectives. After Barrington, however, had got back to Dublin, the defendant, a Tipperary man named Foley, lost no time in paying his compliments to the counsel. He rode all day and night, and, covered with sleet, arrived before Barrington's residence in Harcourt Street, Dublin. Throwing the reins of his smoking horse over the railing of the area, he announced his arrival by a thundering knock at the door. Barrington's valet answered the summons, and, opening the street-door, beheld the apparition of the rough-coated Tipperary fire-eater, with a large stick under his arm and the sleet sticking to his bushy whiskers.

"Is your master up?" demanded the visitor, in a voice that gave some intimation of the object of his journey.

"No," answered the man.

"Then give him my compliments, and say Mr. Foley—he'll know the name—will be glad to see him."

The valet went up stairs, and told his master, who was in bed, the purpose of his visit.

"Then don't let Mr. Foley in, for your life," said Barrington, "for it is not a hare nor a brace of ducks that he has come to present me with."

The man was leaving the bed-room, when a rough, wet coat pushed by him, while a thick voice said, "By your leave," and at the same time Mr. Foley entered the bedroom.

"You know my business, sir," said he to Barrington; "I have made a journey to teach you manners, and it's not my purpose to return until I have broken every bone in your body," and at the same time he cut a figure of eight with his shillelah before the cheval glass.

"You do not mean to say you would murder me in bed?" exclaimed Daines, who had as much humor as cool courage.

"No," replied the other, "but get up as soon as you can."

"Yes," replied Daines, "that you might tell me the moment I put myself out of the blankets."

"No," replied the other, "I pledge you my word not to touch you until you are out of bed."

"You won't!"

"No."

"Upon your honor."

"Upon my honor."

"This is enough," said Daines, turning over and making himself comfortable, and seeming as though he meant to fall asleep, "I have the honor of an Irish gentleman, and may rest as safe as though I were under the castle guard."

The Tipperary salamander looked marvellously astonished at the pretended sleeper, but soon Daines began to snore.

"Hallos," said Mr. Foley, "ain't you going to get up?"

"No," said Daines, "I have the word of an Irish gentleman that he will not strike me in bed, and I am sure I am not going to get up to have my bones broken. I will never get up again. In the meantime, Mr. Foley, if you should want your breakfast, ring the bell; the best in the house is at your service. The morning paper will be here presently, but be sure and air it before reading, for there is nothing from which a man so quickly catches cold as reading a damp journal," and Daines affected to go to sleep.

The Tip. had fun in him as well as ferocity; he could not resist the cunning of the counsel.

"Get up, Mr. Barrington, for in bed or out of bed, I have not the pluck to hurt so droll a heart."

The result was, that in less than an hour afterwards, Daines and his intended murderer were sitting down to a warm breakfast, the latter only intent upon assaulting a dish of smoking chops.

Loud.

A man lately went to the post-office, and putting his nose close to the delivery-box, cried out:

"Louder!"

The clerk, supposing the man to be deaf, and that he was requesting him to speak louder, so that he could hear, asked him in a loud tone the name of the party for whom he wanted the letter.

"Louder!" cried the man.

"What name?" yelled the clerk.

"Louder!" again bawled the man, who now supposed the clerk to be deaf.

The clerk took a long breath, and with all his might again bellowed out in the man's face the same question—

"What name?"

This was done in so loud a tone that the echo seemed to return from the far-off hills. The man started back in alarm, shouting at the very top of his big lungs—

"Louder, sir—Louder! I told you Louder—my name is nothing else!"

The Coon Dog.

In one of our Western villages, in the vicinity of which raccoons were very plenty, a man was seen leading along a small dog of a beautiful jet color, and the extreme attention with which he treated it attracted the notice of several bystanders, who asked the cause, and received for an answer that he was a celebrated "Coon Dog," and unquestionably the best in the country. This prompted the men to make an offer for the dog, and he was purchased at fifty dollars, a cheap price, they thought, for a dog who would net them some hundred dollars in a single season. The purchase had been made and the man nearly out of hearing, when one asks, "How he knew that he was a good 'Coon Dog?'" "Because," said he, still moving along, "*every dog is good for something, and I have tried him without effect at every thing but killing coons!*"

☞ A man painting the cornice of a house in Hartford, fell from the ladder, and it was supposed that he was badly hurt. Immediately after the fall, a young man ran to the store to inform the painter of the misfortune that had overtaken his workman. The "boss" listened to the telling description of the fall, and with the ruling passion still strong in him, asked anxiously, "*Did he spill his paint?*"

☞ A correspondent says: "There are many things about spiritualism which I eagerly embrace—chief among which are mediums."

A BOY WHO DOESN'T READ THE PAPERS.

EMILY.—"Oh, Lizzy, Willie would drink out of your Aquarium, and he has been and swallowed a lizard!"

Presidential Puns.

Some years ago, at a Burns festival in Cincinnati, it was declared that the best pun ever made was made by President Monroe. Some surprise was expressed that Mr. Monroe should have been a facetious man. The story runs something thus:—A Scotch servant, employed about the Executive mansion, who had a broad accent and a good fund of cold humor, had been charged, by certain persons who had projected a monument in honor of something or somebody, with a message to an appropriate official, who, it seems, was not the President. But old Sandy sought the Chief Magistrate, in whose personal service he was, and conveyed the communication to him. Mr. Monroe instructed him to address the message elsewhere, and thereupon Sandy, persisting like a Scotchman, said, "Your honor, it is about the *monument*." "Well, Sandy," replied Mr. Monroe, drawing himself up erect and symmetrical, "don't you see, I am not the *man you meant*."

A politician from New York, who had more friends than he knew what to do with, once annoyed Mr. Polk by the extraordinary frequency and persistency of his recommendations, for office in favor of scores of applicants of every grade. His name was Morris. About this time the singular speculative mania on the subject of the silk culture, which was so prevalent and so illusory, was at its height. Some person in conversation with the President was in the act of explaining the history and prospects of the culture in this country of the *moris multicaulis* (the species of mulberry raised for the sustenance of silk worms.) A card was brought to the President. He inspected it, and handing it to his communicative visitor, who read thereon the name of Mr. Morris, exclaimed with a sigh, "Here comes my *Morris multicaulis!*"

Dust.

A few Sabbaths since Eda was, at her own request, allowed to go to the Sabbath school for the first time, and there she learned the startling intelligence that she was made of dust! Little Eda's mind was fully impressed with the importance of the great truth, as was evinced by her frequent reference to the subject in the shape of questions answerable and unanswerable. This morning, however, she propounded a *stunner* which "brought down the house." Intently watching her mother sweeping, as if to learn the art she must finally practice, saying not a word, her eyes rested upon the little pile of dirt accumulated by the mother's broom. Just as the dirt was to be swept into the street the little philosopher burst forth: "Ma! ma! why don't you save the dust to make some more little girls?"

☞ "Oh, she was a jewel of a wife!" said Pat, mourning over the loss of his better half; "she always struck me with the soft end of the mop."

☞ Every woman has a right to be any age she pleases, for if she were to state her real age no one would believe her.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

POULTRY PRACTICE.

As the season when country people go with or send to market divers sorts of poultry, will soon be with us again, it will be well for several people that we know and some thousands whom we know not, to learn and put in practice the few following suggestions coming fresh within these ten days from two friends whose poultry always sells at premium prices, and whose experience is equal probably to that of any poultry growers in the country:

Firstly, do not feed fowls intended for market within twelve hours of killing. The practice of feeding full just before killing in order to give a full, fair breast and add a few ounces weight to the fowl, is a mistake. A full crop is not a fair breast in any sense, besides the material sours in a little time, imparting a strong, unpleasant flavor to the flesh. In killing, cut the throat of all fowls with a sharp pen knife close to the "chops," that the fowl may be thoroughly drained of blood, the flesh thereby left white, and the skin of the neck when afterwards the head is cut off, covering the stump. A bare bloody neck-bone has an ill, slovenly look, and depreciates the value five or six cents per pound on an average. Cut off the heads of all poultry, draw the skin over the stump of the neck and tie neatly. Heads of fowls weigh well certainly, but no one eats them, or buys them either at best prices, provided headless poultry in all other respects equal can be had in the market.

A great many people pluck poultry dry. They may be undressed that way provided the plucking is done directly after death, and all quills and feathers are drawn in the line of growth with a quick jerk. Otherwise the skin is almost certain to be broken and torn, giving the bird a ragged, mangled look very greatly against good prices. The better plan is to give the fowl three quick dips in water scalding hot, but not boiling, having intervals of twenty seconds or so between dips. Strip off all feathers as quickly as possible, singe off the hairs over a fluid, or coal oil lamp that does not smoke, and immediately after dip the fowl for three seconds in hot (not boiling) water.

Epicures may argue as they will in favor of hanging up undrawn poultry until sodden and seasoned by internal excrement; but as a very large majority of poultry purchasers in all markets are not epicures, they will never be convinced that flesh of any sort seasoned and tainted with filth, as that of all fowls inevitably will be in a few hours if left undrawn, is to be preferred; and they will not purchase such at best market rates, when neatly drawn, and consequently more profitable and wholesome material is at hand.

In drawing a fowl of any sort, it is not necessary to gash and slash the abdomen as if a cannibal had been carving at it. A very small orifice cut on one side, under cover of the thigh, will serve to draw the offal through, so that the operation performed and the bird decently "laid out," there will be no cut visible. Only the entrails ought to be drawn, leaving the gizzard, heart and liver undisturbed.

Thus prepared and shrouded in clean, dry rye or oat straw, free from dust, poultry of all sorts will be in the best possible *post mortem* condition, and always find ready sale at rates considerably above those possible to obtain for such slovenly, torn, draggled things, half heads, crops and inside nastiness that we see so many times too many of in market.

DUST.

At last it begins to be understood by farmers, florists, and gardeners that dust may be applied to better purposes than casting in people's eyes. Experience has fully proven within these three years past that fine, dry dust from the highway, is equal to any and superior to most applications made to early flowers, fruits, and vegetables for the purpose of ridding them of worms, bugs, and many sorts of insect pests. We routed, put to death and flight an innumerable host of atomatic pirates that were destroying the roses by blowing vigorously among and upon them through an old tin dipper handle fine dust gathered from the road. Not one of the escaped raiders ever returned to our knowledge.

The same ammunition cleared the young cabbage plants of black bugs, the currant bushes of worms, various flowers of insects, and in short wherever the dust was thoroughly applied early the plant pests either fell or fled in a hurry. For all sorts of vines as a protection from the striped bug we consider a liberal and timely application of such dust an infallible specific. The probability is that a collection of a few bushels of the material this fall while the roads are dry and dusty, and stowing it carefully away in a dry place for early service in the spring will be capital economy.

POTATO VINEGAR.

Some disinterested (?) philanthropist advertises that for $3 he will sell the recipe and instruct the purchaser in the mystery of making vinegar from potatoes, assuring the public that any farmer can by the process clear from one to three hundred dollars per annum by turning potatoes into vinegar. Now it is very likely there will be several *sales;* but before the manufacture becomes universal, it will be well for farmers to put the question fairly: if all hands are to go into the business, manufacturing from one to three hundred dollars' worth each per annum, is it not just possible that the vinegar market will be largely overstocked?

We are willing to furnish gratuitously to any applicant a recipe for making very good potato vinegar, but as we do not happen to know any variety of the potato out of which vinegar can be obtained at the rate of fifty cents' worth per bushel, we shall not advise any one to undertake the manufacture, unless it be the aforesaid advertiser. If there is a vinegar fortune in potatoes, why not go in and bring it out himself?

PUSHING ANIMALS.

Very frequently horses have an objectionable habit of pushing down fences by going against them with their neck and breast. Sometimes an animal that has not an atom of jump in him will push down a pretty strong fence, letting himself and perhaps a whole herd of horned cattle into a forbidden field. There have been lately in various agricultural papers complaints of such animals and earnest inquiries for a cure. Having seen nothing recommended we offer ours, which is simple, cheap and effectual—at least it has been in the dozen or more instances in which we have seen it tested.

Make a loose collar of an old saddle "flare," or any broad pieces of wornout harness, so that it shall lie loosely over the neck and back against the breast and shoulders. Drive one thickness through with largest size pump tacks or lath nails, say two dozen, scattered along each side of the neck and across the breast, having the points projecting towards the animal. Nail or stitch a second thickness over the heads of the nails and hang the collar on the breaky animal's neck, fastening it by tying the hair of the mane well back on the withers to it, and the horse thus collared will never push at a fence more than twice, and then not hard enough to do any damage.

To break an unruly ox or cow of the bad habit of hooking down fences, put a snug ring in each ear, and from the rings cross stout cords to the opposite horn, tying them well up towards the points. An attempt to hook down a fence tugs at the ears so severely that the practice is very soon abandoned, when the cords and rings may be removed.

SALT FOR SORE THROAT.

Probably nine-tenths of all threatened and actual attacks of sore throat arising from colds may be cured or wholly prevented by the practice of gargling the throat regularly every morning with clear cold brine made pretty strong. There is nothing unpleasant in the application, and as the season of wet weather and sudden cold-catching will soon be with us, it will be well for farmers and all others who work out doors in the wet to try and test the merits of salt water.

GATHERED GRAINS.

—— Ocean county, N. J., is going to send to market this fall more cranberries than Jersey sent altogether last year. Cape Cod doubles her crop this fall, and we shall have cranberries plenty and reasonably cheap.

—— In all these regions, and far "down east," the late crop of potatoes will turn out about three times better than any one expected of them two months ago.

—— In two or three counties in Kentucky they have got a local Rinderpest, or something akin to it that kills off horned stock pretty fast.

—— Some nurseryman advertises for sale all sorts of pie plants. Somebody else sends nurseryman an order for four dozen mince pie plants.

—— Pennsylvania wheat fields are all in seed, and our guess founded on two week's observation is that our farmers have in wheat something more than the average breadth of land.

—— We have seen cider apple trees bending and breaking down overloaded with fruit, and all our up-country friends say that of all late fall and winter apples there will be an average crop.

RECEIPTS.

SLICED CUCUMBER PICKLES.—Take 12 large cucumbers; pare and slice them quite thick; lay them on a meat dish and sprinkle salt freely over them. Then prepare four onions, by paring and slicing thinly on another plate; salt these also. Let both stand eight hours. Then pour off the brine from both, put a layer of each quite loosely in a stone jar, dusting a little pepper, black and red, between each layer. Cover with vinegar. At the end of a week, (having stirred them up every day,) pour over top of jar a little sweet oil. These are very good.

TOMATO MUSTARD.—Boil one peck tomatoes, cut in slices, till soft; strain them through a colander or sieve; now add one quart vinegar; put it back on the fire and let it boil till thick. Spice it, just before taking up, thus: One teaspoonful Cayenne pepper, one tablespoonful of ground cloves, one of mace, two of mustard and three of salt. This need not be sealed, as it keeps well without. J. V.

GREEN CORN DUMPLINGS.—A quart of young corn grated from the cob, half a pint of wheat flour sifted, half a pint of milk, six tablespoonsful of butter, two eggs, a saltspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper, and butter for frying. Having grated as fine as possible sufficient young fresh corn to make a quart, mix with it the wheat flour, and add the salt and pepper. Warm the milk in a small saucepan, and soften the butter in it. Then add them gradually to the pan of corn, stirring very hard, and set it away to cool. Beat the eggs light, and stir them into the mixture when it has cooled. Flour your hands and make it into little dumplings. Put into a frying-pan a sufficiency of fresh butter (or lard and butter in equal proportions,) and when it is boiling hot, and has been skimmed, put in the dumplings, and fry them ten minutes or more, in proportion to their thickness. Then drain them, and send them hot to the dinner-table.

CORN PORRIDGE.—Take young corn, and cut the grains from the cob. Measure it, and to each heaping pint of corn allow not quite a quart of milk. Put the corn and milk into a pot; stir them well together, and boil them till the corn is perfectly soft. Then add some bits of fresh butter dredged with flour, and let it boil five minutes longer. Stir in at the last some beaten yolk of egg, and in three minutes remove it from the fire. Take up the porridge, and send it to table hot, and stir some fresh butter into it. You may add sugar and nutmeg.

TO WASH A SHEEP'S SKIN MAT.—The first thing to be remembered is that it must not be washed in too hot water, as that would spoil the color of the wool and make it quite yellow. Boiled soap must be used in sufficient quantity to clean the skin well, after which it must be thoroughly rinsed in cold water, until the whole of the soap is removed. It should now be put into water with blue in it, of which enough should be used to make it a clear white. The mat may be put in the sun to dry, but care must be taken not to leave it too long, nor to put the skin uppermost, but always the fleecy part, otherwise it will become stiff and will crack. To prevent all chance of this, it must be very frequently shaken while drying, as this is an important part of the process, and is of as much consequence as the washing. If the mat be a colored one, some ox-gall should be mixed with the boiled soap to preserve the dye.

FRECKLES.—The following lotion has been recommended for removing freckles: One drachm of sal-ammoniac and ½ oz. of eau-de-cologne, well mixed in a pint of spring water. To be applied night and morning.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 2, 20, 3, 21, 6, 18, 8, 12, is an island in Malaysia.
My 1, 17, 14, 4, 18, 10, 5, 20, 2, 11, is a county in Virginia.
My 7, 22, 15, 12, 16, 19, is a man's name.
My 20, 13, 4, 17, is a river in Germany.
My whole is the name of a celebrated Union General.

WM. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My home is at sea, in air and on land,
And I dwell on the ocean's wave.
My choicest throne is the heart of man,
And my abode is the depth of the grave.

In the spring-time of life me you seek ne'er to find,
Yet I'm first to meet you in age.
You may strive but in vain to recall me to mind,
Though I glisten on memory's page.

I prosper in peace, yet strange it may seem,
I am always engaged in a war;
In the rattle of musket and sabre's bright gleam,
And I'm heard in the cannon's deep roar.

Of the soldier's ambition the object I'm first;
I'm with the warrior on march and in camp;
In the rage of the battle when dangers outburst,
And I'm heard in the sentinel's tramp.

I'm an *article* of which all Americans boast,
O'er which all who read this have passed.
You may seek, but I'm not to be found in *this*
"Post,"
Though I plainly appear in the last.

C. McMULLAN.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A quadruped.
A verb.
A cowardly wretch.
A disgusting disease.
A maxim.
An offensive odor.

My initials and finals form the names of two noted Jewish women.

CORA WALTERS.

Probability Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The diameter of a circular box is 20 inches, and its bottom is covered with an adhesive substance. Suppose two persons, in a dark room, drop each a straight rod horizontally into this box, one of the rods being 12 inches in length and the other 8 inches in length. Required—the probability that the rods will be crossed in the box.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

At what time between 12 and 6 will the hands of a watch form such an angle that the rectangle of its cotangent and square of its secant shall be a minimum? MORGAN STEVENS.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a note of hand like a bunch of grapes. Ans.—Because it is matured by falling due.

☞ How can you describe the cordage of a vessel which has run ashore and broken up? Ans.—By a wreck-tangle.

☞ What bird is that which it is absolutely necessary that we should have at our dinner, and yet need neither be cooked nor served up? Ans.—A swallow.

☞ What is the difference between a piece of honeycomb and a black eye? Ans.—One is produced by a laboring bee, and the other by a belaboring.

☞ Why is a smile invariably behind the time? Ans.—Because it's a little laughter (little after.)

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Charles Dickens. CHARADE—Clear (Lear-ear.) DOUBLE REBUS—Walter Scott. (Wachstedt—Averystwith—Lille—tout—Ega—Richtenswell—Sinai—Carcas—Oldham Tavda—Tiverton.

Musical Anecdote.

Thirty years ago, there was among the chorus singers of the theatre at Bergamo, Italy, a poor but very modest man, beloved by his colleagues, and who, to sustain his mother in a more effectual manner, was at the same time tailor and chorister. One day came the celebrated singer, Nozari, to the tailor, to order a pair of pantaloons. The tailor's face seemed familiar to him. He asked, and was informed that he belonged to the chorus of the opera. "Have you a good voice?" asked Nozari. "Not particularly," answered the tailor; "I can hardly reach A." "Let me hear," said Nozari, stepping to the piano; "commence." The tailor commenced, and with difficulty reached G. "Now the A." "I cannot, sir." "Sing the A, unfortunate fellow." Again a great effort, and A was reached. "Now the B flat!" cried Nozari. "I am not able." "I say the B flat, or by my soul, I—" "Don't be angry; I will try." A, B flat! "Do you see, it is possible," exclaimed Nozari, triumphantly; "and I tell thee, my son, if you practice assiduously, you will be the first tenor in Italy." Nozari was not mistaken. The poor chorister who, in order to meet his daily wants, was obliged to mend old clothes, is now in possession of a fortune of two millions of francs; it is the celebrated Senor Rubini.

☞ There is a barefooted Methodist minister in Titusville, Pa.,—an eccentric genius—who declares that he has fasted forty days and forty nights consecutively, and lesser periods at various times, but that, being inspired by a spirit from heaven, he never felt any ill effects from this great abstinence.

☞ The height of impudence—Taking shelter from the rain in an umbrella shop.